No. 223 (New Series). Vol. 5. June 27, 1936

The PASSING SHOW

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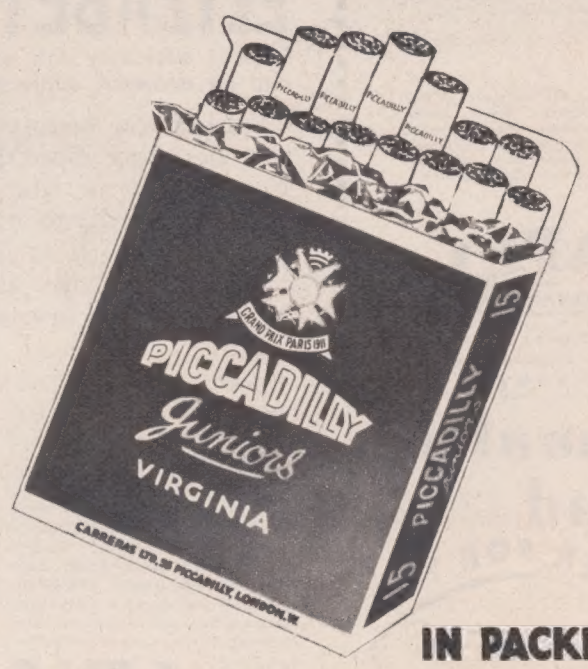

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The PASSING SHOW
No. 225. Vol. 5. JUNE 27. 1936

—presents a Very Fishy Story

Trout Widows

● When I come downstairs all dressed in my fishing clothes and she asks me, "Are you going fishing?"

by COREY FORD

THE papers were filled with the details of the Twitchells' divorce last week. You may have noticed it, because it was rather an unusual case. All the wife did, according to the story, was to send her husband's felt hat to the cleaners. "Absolutely all I did," she explained to the judge, in filing suit on the grounds of desertion, incompatibility, and cruel and unusual punishment, "was to take this dirty old hat that he'd been wearing for years, with grease stains all over it and the top crushed in like a muffin and the hatband practically ripped to pieces where he'd kept trout flies in it, and send it around the corner to be cleaned and blocked. And then he came home, and took one look at it, and began smashing the furniture and throwing it at me, and setting fire to the house in several places."

I knew the husband in this case pretty well, as it happened. His name was Herbert Twitchell, and he was as mild-mannered and considerate a chap as you would ever want to go fishing with. He belonged to the Mayfly Club on the Test, and he was one of the most popular anglers on the stream. I never saw him lose his temper when his backcast caught in a bush, or a heavy shower came up just in time to spoil the evening catch, or when he got pebbles down inside his waders. We all thought a lot of Herbert, but I must admit none of us was particularly surprised when things sort of blew up with him at home. We had seen it coming for a long time.

"In fact, I would not be surprised if it happened any day now," Mac was saying at the Mayfly Club, only the other evening. We had all dropped into Charlie's room as usual after we had come off the stream, to have a quick one and hear Charlie tell how the barb came out just as he had his trout at the net or it would have gone easily three pounds, maybe four or five, and the conversation had drifted around to Herbert. "I mean, he hasn't shown up here at the club for several days," Mac said, leaning back in Charlie's chair and crossing his boots on Charlie's pillow, "and look at the way he's been acting so strangely lately, I personally wouldn't be at all surprised if she——" He paused just a moment on the word "she"—"had been getting at him again."

"She's going to get at him once too often," Cliff nodded darkly, pouring himself another drink from Charlie's bottle. "You mark my words."

"That's just what I was going to say," said Tom. "She's got him to a point where sooner or later he's bound to let go."

"You'd think a wife would more or less encourage her husband if he had some healthy outdoor hobby like fishing," said Mac, borrowing one of Charlie's cigarettes. "I mean, you'd expect that a wife would make some effort to share her husband's interests a little. You take my own wife, the other day she actually objected to cleaning some fish I brought home. She said she was sick of the smell of fish."

Herbert was pretty much on my mind, because I remember mentioning him to Mary when I got home from the Test that night. Mary is my wife and she is really what you might call the fisherman's ideal wife. That is, she never asks me whether my feet are wet; she never questions my alibis; she never objects if I borrow several choice feathers from her hat to tie some special pattern of fly, and in all the years that we have been married she has never asked me whether I wouldn't catch more fish if I used a worm.

Other wives, like Herbert's wife, for instance, are forever nagging their husbands and complaining about minor details like getting up at four in the morning to fix him a little light lunch; but Mary has invariably displayed a sympathetic attitude toward my fishing, and she has never, so far as I know, exhibited the slightest symptom of malignant anglerphobia, or an acute dislike for trout, which seems to bother so many women who marry fishermen. That is, up to this same night I happened to mention Herbert.

As a matter of fact, the subject of Herbert arose in a rather curious manner. I was having a late supper. I know some men's wives get pretty wrought up when their husbands are late for supper, and fold their arms, and tread around and around the kitchen with little puffs of smoke rising from the soles of their feet; but Mary always has everything piping hot, and serves it without a word of complaint, and then sits and watches me eat it with a sad sweet smile.

Mary is very fond of antique furniture, and I can always fix things up by telling her to buy another old chair or bureau. In the course of the past ten years, I have probably bought enough chairs and bureaux to furnish a sizable summer hotel. As I was saying, I was enjoying my supper, and regaling her between mouthfuls with various items of news that I thought would be of interest.

"Like, for instance, you take a day like to-day," I told her, "all dull and overcast, the average person would say under those conditions that a bright fly, like a Yellow Sally or even a Gold-Ribbed Hare's Ear, would be the killer, but here were Tom and Mac and the others all trying everything they had, and yet I put on this large, dark olive Dun that I'd tied with medium-light starling wings, mole-fur body with two turns of gold tinsel around the hook at the end, glossy ginger-hackle legs, and just three whisks of it for the tail——"

I noticed that Mary was sitting in her usual attitude of rapt attention, with both elbows on the table and her fingers laced together like a hammock, and her chin resting on her fingers. She kept nodding silently, "Of course," and her eyes wandered over the table and around the room and up to the ceiling. I took another mouthful.

"John," said Mary suddenly, "do you like that stuffed trout over the mantelpiece?"

I paused and looked at her in surprise. "Of course I like it," I said. "That's the first big fish I ever took out of the Test. In fact, that trout is really an illustration of what I was saying just now about colour." I resumed eating again. "I remember I just happened to have these few Red Spinners that I had bought in a little tackle shop near Stockbridge that morning, and it seems

(*continued on next page*)

Continuing Trout Widows

the old shopkeeper must have had them lying in his window for years exposed to the sun, because the red was faded several shades lighter than the regular standard tie. . . ." I had a sudden cold premonition, and I set down my fork abruptly. "Mary."

"What is it, dear?"

"What made you think maybe I wouldn't like it? Don't you like it?"

"Of course I like it, dear, only I wondered whether it might look all right somewhere else than over the mantelpiece."

"What's the matter with it over the mantelpiece? What else would you put over the mantelpiece if you didn't have that trout?"

"Well," said Mary. "I thought maybe father's picture."

"Do you mean to imply," I almost shouted, "that you think your father is better-looking than a stuffed trout?"

Mary began to cry. "My father was a fisherman, too," she said, a little irrelevantly, I thought.

I put down my fork again. Another thought had just struck me.

"As a matter of fact," I said, "how did you ever happen to think of moving that trout in the first place?"

"I don't know," said Mary. "I just thought of it."

"Was your mother here to-day, by any chance?"

"No, John," she said.

"You mean to say you just thought of it by yourself?"

She nodded but didn't say anything.

I could feel a cold lump in the pit of my stomach.

"Mary," I said very slowly, "are you getting like that, too?"

"Like what too?" she asked, a little frightened.

"Like Herbert's wife."

"Who's Herbert?"

"Mary," I said, "I think we ought to understand each other very plainly about this whole thing."

"Eat your supper, dear," said Mary.

"I don't suppose you realise that it's just this sort of thing that has practically wrecked the Twitchells' home. I don't suppose you are aware how little things like this have turned the Twitchells' life into a veritable living hell——"

"Who are the Twitchells?" asked Mary.

So I told her about the Twitchells. . . .

Herbert was a typical fisherman. That is, he had certain little traits and foibles that doubtless endear fishermen to their associates but are apt to set them more or less apart from other people, such as their wives. These traits date way back to prehistoric days when men used to live together in crude fishing camps and wring out their socks every night in the fireplace; and there is nothing whatsoever that can be done about them.

Fishermen, for example, always throw matches on the floor. No matter how many ash trays their wives set in front of them, their matches always end up on the floor. They walk with muddy boots through the house, and when they take them off they scatter sand and pieces of sharp gravel on the rug beside the bed. They drop their waders on the front porch; they knot their wading shoes together and drape them over the bannisters; they take off their wet pants in the kitchen and they hang their underclothes to dry in the lounge. They use the best linen guest towels to wipe their reels. They leave fishhooks in upholstered chairs.

They demand their breakfast at dawn—"Isn't that coffee ready yet; here it is after four!"—and they are anywhere from two to six hours late for dinner. They are jumpy, irritable and moody in the winter, and during late February and March they are apt to break off abruptly in the midst of a conversation and sit staring into space for an hour. When they come home with a nice mess of trout they are insufferable, and when they come home without any fish at all they are unbearable. They always blame their wives for the weather.

Unfortunately, a wife who is married to a fisherman (and the same thing holds for golf-wives, hunting-wives, tennis-wives, bowling-wives, squash-wives, shooting-wives, badminton-wives, and the wives of men who just sit all night and listen to the radio) never gets to see her husband often enough to learn to appreciate these tiny idiosyncrasies of his, and to make due allowance for them.

An Antarctic explorer's wife, for example, sees her husband now and then between trips; but a fisherman's wife only encounters her husband at odd moments, such as when he trips over her bed to turn off the alarm clock or bumps into her in the hall while carrying his tackle upstairs (for some reason, fishermen spend a great deal of time carrying their tackle upstairs and then carrying it down again), and his remarks on these occasions are limited to comments like "Where the devil did you deliberately hide my socks with the red tops?" Sometimes, at the height of the season, he will encounter his wife on the street and stare at her for several minutes in an obvious effort to recall where he has seen her before, tip his hat politely, and walk on with a faintly puzzled expression.

The Twitchells were married about two years ago, and everybody thought at the time that they would be very happy together. In fact, people referred to them as an ideal couple. "Herbert and Edith really make an ideal couple, don't you think?" they all said. Of course, Edith did not care anything about fishing; but Herbert assured us at the reception after the wedding that this was really a good thing. "For one thing, she'll never try to come along on a fishing trip," he laughed, putting his arm around her, "and fall out of the canoe, or get her hook caught in a tree, or throw back a trout because the poor thing seemed to be suffering." He kissed her. "Will you, honey?"

"I really don't know the first thing about fishing," she confessed with a shy smile. "I wouldn't know one pole from another."

"Pole!" Herbert repeated, and nudged us with a wink. "She calls a rod a 'pole.'"

"I mean, I wouldn't even know how to work that little pulley that holds the string—"

"Pulley! String!" Herbert howled. "I ask you. Isn't that sweet?"

We all assured him that it was very, very sweet.

They went to Scarborough for their honeymoon—Herbert had always had an ambition to try some of that tunny-fishing in the North Sea—and when they came back they settled down in a comfortable little house in the suburbs. Herbert put all his fishing tackle in a special den of his own, and never used the rest of the house except maybe to hang his rods in the kitchen while the varnish was drying, or to practice a little casting now and then in the lounge; and they seemed to be very happy together.

To be sure, he began to be more and more absent-minded as April drew near, and occasionally that faraway look would come into his eyes and he would begin to hum to himself or finger the pages of a fishing catalogue idly; and once Edith asked him rather sharply: "Herbert, what on earth are you moping about?" But Herbert merely rose in silence, and went upstairs to his den and shut the door, and the incident was soon forgotten. The first sign of a rift in the lute appeared when Herbert showed up at the Club that spring.

"How's Edith?" we asked.

"She's all right, I suppose," said Herbert without much enthusiasm.

"Is anything the matter?"

"Well," said Herbert, "I kind of wish she wouldn't keep calling my rod a pole, that's all."

"I thought you said that was sweet."

"It is sweet," said Herbert, "but it sort of gets on your nerves after a while. Like when I come downstairs all dressed in my fishing clothes, and carrying my waders and creel and rod case, I wish she wouldn't say: 'Are you going fishing?'"

"What's wrong with that?"

"Well, I suppose there's nothing exactly wrong with it," Herbert admitted, "but I wish she wouldn't ask me if I was sure I hadn't forgotten anything."

ILLUSTRATED BY J. DEWAR MILLS

As a matter of fact, the first serious breach did not occur until the end of the summer, long after fishing season was over. Of course, Edith did not clean up his den on purpose. She did not plan it out ahead of time and deliberately wait her chance until he went away. She just yielded to that impulse which most women have to rearrange things.

Well, she got in there with her broom one morning, and she swept that floor as neat as a pin. She picked up a lot of stray flies, and old cleaning rags, and empty spools, and a leather glove with the fingers cut out, and some cigarette tins, and several odds and ends of silk thread, and she threw them all away. She took all his reels and put them in one drawer marked "Reels." She took his tapered lines off the driers and rolled them up into a neat ball and put them in a drawer marked "Lines." She took his rods out of their cases and wrapped them all together in a newspaper and put them on a shelf marked "Poles." She took all his flies and emptied them out of the various little aluminium boxes and celluloid boxes and pillboxes where he kept them, and put them all in one big pasteboard box marked "Flies."

She put away his boots in the bottom of the cupboard, and folded his shirts very carefully, and took everything out of the pockets of his fishing coat and hung it in the cupboard on a coat hanger. Last, but not least, she put a pink shade on the single bulb he had hanging over his workbench, and

● I did not say anything. I just looked at her. "Don't you dare strike me!" she screamed.

spread a rug on the floor, and hung a pair of bright print curtains in the window.

Herbert came home, and he went upstairs as usual to his den. Edith didn't say a word. She heard him open the door, and then she did not hear anything else for a while. Then she said he called her just once—"Edith!"—in the strangest voice, as though he were choking. She went upstairs, and there he was standing stock-still in the centre of his den, with perspiration on his forehead and his mouth going open and shut slowly. Edith said the expression on his face was something she would never forget to her dying day.

He looked at her, and then he looked at the room, and then he took the drawer marked "Reels" and turned it upside down and emptied the contents on the floor. He took the drawer marked "Lines" and emptied it on top of the reels. He took the pasteboard box marked "Flies" and dumped all the flies on the floor on top of the heap.

Edith said she was too frightened even to scream. He took all his rods and threw them on the floor, and added his fishing coat, and shirts, and boots, and his cleaning outfit, and his line greaser and his rod varnish, and snippers, and trout knife, and folding net and creel, and the pink lamp shade, and the print curtains, and he began to stir them around and around with an empty rod case.

"This," he said to Edith, in that same sort of choked voice, "is the way I like things. This is the way I know where they are instead of being put away somewhere. This is the way I always keep them."

He gathered up everything inside the rug, and knotted the corners of the rug together over the end of the rod case, and slung the whole thing over his shoulder.

"I am now going away," he announced to Edith. "I am going fishing in Scotland, and I am going to stay in the wilds for three months, and sleep in my underwear, and grow a moustache. And when I come back I am going to have a look at this room, and if I find you have touched a single solitary thing I am going back into the wilds again, and I am not coming out until I have grown a beard, too. I trust that I have made myself clear."

He didn't actually go away for three whole months, because Edith got hysterical and asked some of us to plead with him, and she promised on her word of honour never to tidy up his den again; but he did grow the moustache, and he wears it to this day. He told Edith it would serve to remind her now and then that he meant what he said.

From that time on, Herbert was really a changed man. Slowly but surely he began to revert to type. When he was first married to Edith, he always spruced up, and combed his hair, and put on a coat for dinner; but as the breach between them widened, and his domestic instincts began to yield to the old atavistic urge to hunt and fish once more, we noticed that Herbert seemed to slip back into his earlier habits again.

He seldom shaved, and he would go without a haircut for weeks, and he often came to dinner with his boots unlaced and his shirt open at the neck. He spent more and more of his time at the Mayfly Club that spring, and we all observed that his visits home were growing shorter and shorter. His manner was becoming more savage, too.

"She objected to my fishing pipe to-day," he announced one night, when he returned to the Mayfly after a brief visit to his wife. He always referred to his wife as "she" these days.

I shall never forget the day that Herbert arrived at the Mayfly wearing a new shirt. It was a bright green shirt, and he was smiling steadily as he drove up to the Club and waved his hand to us on the porch.

"She threw out my old fishing shirt," he called out rather cheerfully. His voice had a high hysterical quality, and his face was flushed.

"Never mind, Herbert," we tried to say casually, as though everything were all right. "You've still got the rest of your outfit."

Herbert shook his head triumphantly. "She gave away my old fishing trousers, too. She found that old pair of corduroy trousers I always wear, with both knees gone and patches in the seat, and she gave them to the dustman. She said they were a positive disgrace."

We shifted in our chairs uncomfortably.

"I'm giving her one more chance," said Herbert, yanking his old fishing hat down firmly over his ears. It was a battered felt hat, with grease stains all over it and the top crushed in like a muffin and the hatband bristling with snelled flies like a half-plucked chicken. "One more chance, that's all. If she touches another single thing——"

We watched him in silence as he got in his car again and drove on. . . .

Mary looked at me for a moment as I finished the story.

"Is that all?"

I nodded.

"And you haven't seen Herbert since?" she asked.

"We haven't heard a thing," I said.

Mary rose thoughtfully, and gathered up the supper dishes, and walked into the kitchen without a word.

It was just a week later, to the day, that I saw the story of the Twitchells' divorce in the papers. As I say, we had expected all along that it was coming, but it was pretty much of a shock just the same. We were very fond of Herbert, and I guess all of us had more or less secretly hoped that the thing would work itself out somehow. I know the thing knocked me pretty hard. After all, Herbert was a decent well-meaning chap, and he might just as well have married an understanding wife like Mary. It made a man realise how lucky he was, I thought to myself, as I walked home that night with the paper under my arm and sat down at the table and began to eat my supper in silence. Mary was unusually sweet and attentive; kept filling my plate, and offering me things she knew I liked, and she insisted on getting my pipe and matches when I was through. She even came and sat on the arm of my chair and lit my pipe for me.

"Something worrying you, honey?" she asked, fingering my bald spot.

I took a deep drag on my pipe. "You remember I was telling you about Herbert?" I said.

I thought her face blanched at the word "Herbert."

"I don't suppose you've seen the papers," I said, handing her the newspaper.

She grabbed the paper, and her hands trembled so hard that it rattled. Her face was deathly white. I thought it was strange that she should take Herbert's misfortune so hard. She set down the paper with a little cry. "Oh, John," she said.

"What's the matter?" I asked, somewhat startled.

"Oh, John," she said again in a stricken voice.

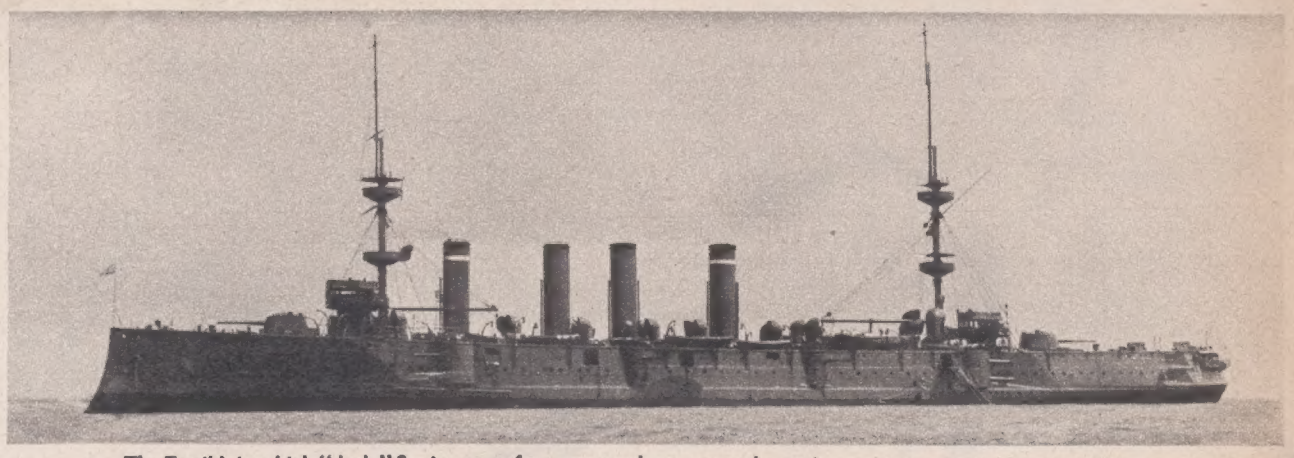
I noticed she was looking past my shoulder toward the mantelpiece. I turned around and stared blankly at the mantelpiece. The stuffed trout was gone. Her father's picture was hanging in its place.

I did not say anything. I just looked at her. I suppose it was the way I looked. Suddenly she sprang to her feet, pressed her knuckles against her mouth, screamed, "Don't you dare to strike me!" and rushed out of the room. I heard her run upstairs and slam the door of her room and turn the key.

I sat for a long time gazing thoughtfully at the picture over the mantelpiece. It was really the first time I had ever taken a good look at Mary's father. He had a long sad face, lined with care, with haggard cheeks and deep-sunken eyes. His eyes were the eyes of a man who had suffered. He seemed to be looking down at me now from the wall with a look of sympathy and understanding in his eyes.

After all, as Mary said, he had been a fisherman himself.

RHAPSODY *in* RED (4)



The *Terrible* in which "Jack" Squire spent four years and seven months, seeing active service in Natal and China.

GLOVES OFF *for the Boxer Rebellion*

"SEEING the world" and "seeing life" are phrases meaning different things to different people. They even mean different things to oneself at different ages. In the Navy, for instance, a man might call at many ports and see little but the taverns of Sailor Town and the unchanging "life" within them. Then many sailors don't care—for anything else.

On our voyage from South Africa to Hong Kong just after the relief of Ladysmith, the *Terrible* touched at Madagascar, where I looked over the bows and could see our anchor fast in the sea-floor beneath ninety-six feet of crystal water, but we did not go ashore. We steamed for miles close in to the coast of "Ceylon's lovely isle," and we passed hoarding after gigantic hoarding advertising a famous brand of tea. There was shore leave at Colombo and blessed relief from the salt provisions upon which we had been living for nearly a fortnight.

With the exception of one long drive through unsurpassable scenery, I saw little of Colombo that trip. We coaled and went on through the marvellous Straits of Malacca to Singapore, where the British Colony united to give us a special reception. The harbour there is dotted with scores of tiny islands, where alligators bask on the sun-scorched shores. But the water was fever-laden at this time, and our scuppers were closed, and we had to go out to sea to wash down our decks.

Ashore they had prepared a banquet and ball for the entire ship's company. Huge receptacles, big enough for a man to bathe in, had been filled to the brim with champagne and the guests could ladle out their own drink in quart pots. I had a strong head in those days and I walked aboard after the ball was over.

Many of my companions had to be carried. The Commander stood at the top of the gangway as "casualties" arrived.

"Lay them down in rows, *gently!*" said he.

And that is my chief and ineffacable memory of Singapore.

When we dropped anchor at Hong Kong, headquarters of the Fleet in the China Station, we learned that another great reception awaited us. My special pal, Ventham, and I decided to cut out the headache that would follow and so, soon after the ball started, we slipped out to have a look at Hong Kong itself. Our intentions were excellent but they were ill-repaid.

We were strolling down Queen's-road, the principal thoroughfare of Hong Kong, when there was an outburst of shouting and of stamping feet. Out of a side street, four bluejackets came pounding with a horde of yelling Chinese at their heels. They fell into the arms of a naval patrol—four men and a petty officer detailed for police duty—but their pursuers were undaunted.

"For forty-eight hours there was no attempt to check the orgy of looting that followed our taking of Peking"—this photograph shows Chinese soldiers guarding the palace gates during the Boxer Rebellion.

Ventham and I plunged into that mêlée automatically. The Chinese were armed with knives and knobbed sticks, and we had nothing but our fists and boots. We used both most zestfully, but we were getting the worst of the fight, with two men wounded and all hard pressed, when reinforcements arrived.

Our allies were huge Sikhs—a section of the Hong Kong police—and they speedily turned the tide of battle in our favour. Just at the last moment, when the Chinese mob was already on the run, one fellow hit me on the head with a stick and raised a lump as big as a pigeon's egg.

Perhaps I have a thick skull. Anyway I was not stunned but only infuriated. I went for this Chinese.

Feinting at his face, I brought my right over in a short-arm punch to the heart. There was every ounce of weight behind the blow. The Chinese grunted and went down like a sack. The general battle was over and I looked round about me a little dazed.

A Sikh policeman bent over the fallen man and cried out words that sounded like astonished swearing. The man was dead and I was arrested and spent the night in jail.

Next morning I was brought up before the Magistrates and explained what had happened, my evidence being supported by that of the petty officer of the patrol. It appeared that the Chinese whom I hit had a weak heart. The Magistrates agreed that I had acted in self-defence, but they ordered me to pay ten dollars compensation to the widow. I suppose they had to placate local prejudice. To my astonishment the widow came to thank me volubly in "pidgin English" when she received the money!

We had a fortnight, or rather longer, in Hong Kong, and were then ordered to the Heaven-forsaken port of Wei-Hai-Wei, which was very much in the news at the time. Imagine a flat, miserable island some seven miles long with nothing on it but a few scattered houses and huts, some tennis courts (for the officers), gravel football and cricket grounds (for the men), and a wet canteen. Well, that was Wei-Hai-Wei, and I still hate the very name of the place. By day we were allowed ashore, but we had to sleep aboard. One could take a walk or one could resort to the wet canteen and gamble. It was infernally hot.

Gambling was, and I suppose still is, strictly prohibited in the Navy. Yet we played furiously and for high stakes. Playing banker at Wei-Hai-Wei, I have lost and won as much as five hundred pounds in a single session.

That sounds a tall story, coming from a bandsman whose official pay was one and fourpence a day. Yet it happens to be the strict truth, for many a sailor in those days found ways to make money, and I was one of them.

If I had been as good at keeping money as I have been at making it I should be rich now. It struck me that our canteen was "short on ideas" at Wei-Hai-Wei. Its stock was unoriginal and depressing, so on shore I found a small cake shop and I made a deal with the proprietor. Every afternoon in time for tea at seven bells (3-30 p.m.) he was to send on board a thousand little fancy cakes—the kind you can buy in any cake shop now at seven for sixpence. I paid him two cents each for these cakes and I sold them at five cents.

Talk about business! I didn't even have to take them round! The men queued up for those cakes outside the bandsmen's mess and I handed them out as fast as I could, chalking up each man's score against pay day. I sold twenty-eight thousand cakes a month and never made a bad debt, and that says a lot for the native honesty of the "mat'lo."

In that heat, too, any thirst-quencher, even if it were non-alcoholic, was a good seller. I noticed that a few rival "traders" were buying limes and selling glasses of lime juice at five cents. It was hard work, squeezing the limes, and the suppply of lime juice was not anything like equal to the demand.

One day on shore I saw a lemonade machine at work and I contrived to import a machine of this kind from San Francisco. It took me six weeks

Queen's Road in Hong Kong—the scene of a fight that ended in tragedy and a ten dollar fine.

to get delivery, but then I started business in a big way. Take essence of lemon, ginger, vanilla and so on, add water to taste, and there, with such a machine, one has one's drink complete in bottle. I could sell my bottles of assorted "pop" at five cents each (about a penny), and the cost to me was barely a tenth of this. Three hundred and fifty bottles a day was an average sale, and at least a thousand a day when we were coaling. I paid twelve pounds for the machine itself (a second-hand bargain, "reconditioned"), and went on trading briskly for nine months. Naturally I put away a "packet" in the ship's bank.

But money has always slipped through my fingers like water. Sometimes I made a lot at cards; sometimes I lost. On the whole my luck "broke fairly even" in this respect, but, when we were back in Hong Kong, I lost nearly a thousand pounds during the race meeting and was back almost where I started.

I take that kind of thing philosophically, and I went on trading. Three or four days later the Commander happened to be walking along our mess deck out of working hours, and this was unusual, for a senior officer seldom visits the lower deck except upon official occasions. He spotted my lemonade machine and ordered me to come before him next morning after defaulters' parade.

Now I was not officially "crimed" over this business, but the Commander told me rather curtly that in future the canteen would have its own machine, and that I was to take mine ashore at once. Then, unbending a little, he said, "Where are these things obtainable, by the way?"

I did some quick thinking and gave him the address of a man I knew ashore. Soon afterwards I went ashore myself with my own machine, saw this business acquaintance, and gave him some precise instructions.

A few days later, on defaulters' parade once more ("Button undone," I think, but it may have been "Failing to salute the Quarter Deck"), the Commander stopped me just as we were dismissed.

"You may be interested to know, Squire," he said complacently, "that the Canteen has got one of those machines of its own now. They're damned dear, too! That fellow you mentioned charged us a thousand dollars for it."

"Yes, sir!" I replied. "I know. He told me about it when he paid the money over. And his commission was steep, too, sir!"

That was foolish of me, but Commander Ogilvie had just given me ten days "Ten A," and I was itching to get a little of my own back.

"Here!" he said sharply. "What do you mean by that?"

"Nothing much, sir; only that it was my old machine you bought."

"Ah! . . . How much did you pay for it?"

"Sixty dollars, sir, second-hand from San Francisco. It's in pretty bad condition now, I'm afraid."

The Commander gaped at me, unable to find words. I saluted and walked off.

Two days later the machine went wrong and the Commander sent for me and demanded the canteen's money back. I told him respectfully that my agent had sold the machine just as it was, with no guarantee asked or given. And on that I was naturally had up before Captain Scott.

The Captain heard the Commander's complaint and listened to my defence without a smile. Ogilvie spoke of the naval regulation which forbids "trafficking," but Scott, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, replied that it couldn't be taken literally, for, if it were, the barbers would not be allowed to charge for hair-cuts and the spare-time sailors and washermen, whose trade was sanctioned by long custom, would all be law-breakers.

"The fact is," he added pleasantly, "I don't think the Canteen ought to go into competition with—er—with private traders. Case dismissed!"

Six weeks after we had returned to Hong Kong the Boxer Rising started and we were soon for active service again. People at home had been excited about the Boer War, but China, well over ten thousand miles away, meant little to them, and they could scarcely think of it as a real war unless a missionary were minced into small pieces.

In its way, however, it was not only a war, but a very bloody one. The Boxers were members of one of the great Chinese secret societies, and they started things in a small way by murdering a few missionaries. After that their object was nothing less than to drive all the "foreign devils" in to the sea. From their point of view this was an understandable ambition, but the outbreak began to assume international proportions with the assassination of the German Ambassador in Peking.

Following this political murder, the Kaiser, now the old wood-cutter of Doorn, reviewed some troops then leaving Berlin for China, and told them to behave "like the Huns of old." That was, I believe, the origin of the epithet with which all the Germans were labelled during the Great War. Yet we had to be "Hunnish" to the Boxers. They were devils incarnate, and any poor wretch who fell into their hands could pray for nothing but swift death. It was a prayer seldom answered. There was a British officer, Captain Beyts, Royal Marines, originally of the Flagship *Centurion*, who was taken prisoner by the Boxers and suffered the death of "a thousand cuts."

One lives a horribly long time under this particular agony. The victim is spread-eagled and the executioners work upon him with knives, cutting away everything, including the eyelids, that will not hasten the end unduly. The mutilated and still living body is finally left in the open for the vultures to devour.

As a stretcher bearer in Tien-Tsin I actually saw the remains of some of our prisoners who had died in this way. Description is beyond the power of my pen, but I went back to "barracks" determined to give no quarter to the enemy in any circumstances. Admiral Sir Hobart Seymour, Commander-in-Chief of the China Station, 1897-1900, gave us orders to shoot our wounded when we embarked on the famous retreat, but luckily the relief column came through in time and we were spared a grim duty that no man among us would have hesitated to fulfil.

Bandsmen, when they went ashore on expeditions of this kind, were used primarily as stretcher-bearers. The *Terrible* went up the river to Takoo, and we of the band landed with most of the rest of the crew to join the Naval Division under Admiral Seymour's command. We marched into Tien-Tsin, a city of teeming millions, besieged by the Boxers, yet held officially by the international forces. Barracks were hastily improvised, and here I served through the greater part of this fantastic campaign.

There was constant street fighting in Tien-Tsin itself. Snipers fired from upper windows, and no one knew which way the mob would fight in any of the resultant skirmishes.

The medal for that campaign hangs in my flat to-day, but I do not pretend to have been engaged in the heat of the fighting. Once I remember, I doubled out into the streets with my Number Two to pick up casualties after a street affray. We found a young officer, bleeding and unconscious, with a bullet wound in the chest, and we brought him back to barracks. He was Lieutenant-Commander Beatty, who lived to become the most famous naval figure in the Great War.

Finally, as the Boxer Rising was suppressed, we of the Naval Division moved on to Peking and here the French, who had more atrocities to avenge than any other people, rounded up about a thousand Boxers in a cul-de-sac of the native quarters. There was no escape from that trap, and the French troops played machine-guns on the desperate Chinese. The slaughter was horrible, beyond description, and the street was piled knee-deep with the dead and the dying.

For a little while, nearly forty-eight hours I should think, there was no attempt to check the looting which followed our occupation of the Chinese Imperial capital. Never, even in nightmare, have I imagined such an orgy as I saw then. Soldiers and sailors of all nations were looting-mad. The antique shops of Europe took ten years to dispose discreetly of the treasures that then were

(*continued on next page*)

by J. H. Squire

A photograph of J. H. Squire when at the age of twenty-one he was serving on the China Station.

CONTINUING *The Boxer Rebellion*

stolen from palaces and noble homes. Pockets and haversacks bulged with "swag." Men went staggering into the streets, loaded almost beyond their strength with priceless treasure.

The lust of robbery took me just as strongly as my comrades, but I could not forget what a dreadful distance we were from our base. I swept with other troops into Prince Tuan's Palace, and there I found one great pearl in a golden casket. It fitted snugly into my pocket, pearl and casket being no bigger than a cigarette case. And in due course we were marched back from Peking to the coast.

The heat was beyond description and the road conditions bad enough to break even an infantryman's spirit.

Men staggered and cursed and groaned under the dead weight of loot more precious than gold itself. As day succeeded day they threw away what they could not carry. All that route was strewn with shoes of silver and solid gold, and with priceless pieces of Chinese art in jade and precious metal. Even boots were discarded by some of our men, and many bluejackets reached the coast in their bare feet, blistered and bloody.

As for me, I carried my pearl in its golden casket all the way back and, when we had at last returned to Hong Kong, I sold it to a native dealer for five hundred dollars. Less than three weeks later I saw it offered for sale in the windows of the self-same shop for fifteen thousand!

After the Boxer campaign I found life very monotonous at Hong Kong, with its unvarying duty aboard and its almost unvarying amusements ashore. When at last the paying-off pennant was flying from the mast and we knew that we were under orders for home, all of us went wild with excitement. None but a sailorman can understand that thrill: the only thing comparable to it is the feeling that youngsters get at school on breaking-up day.

On our last morning at Hong Kong a signal from the Flagship came over that was greeted on the *Terrible* with a storm of cheering from eight hundred lusty throats.

"*Terrible* will leave China Squadron to-morrow, ten a.m.", it ran, "and proceed to Portsmouth to pay-off. The Admiral wishes Captain Percy Scott, the officers and men a pleasant voyage and a happy, well-earned leave after the most eventful naval commission in modern naval history."

I was full of good resolves that evening when I stepped into the liberty boat with Jack Ventham, and, for once, I stuck to them. We dined quietly in the Hong Kong Hotel, bought a few more curios for the folks at home, and were back on board again most virtuously by eleven o'clock. Ventham, being a petty officer, was exempt from inspection, but I was merely a rank and file bandsman and had to stand to attention while the Officer of the Watch looked me over.

Suddenly and to my complete astonishment, he exclaimed: "This man's drunk!"

The charge was so unfounded that I forgot the old, old Navy habit of saying nothing.

"Beg pardon, sir," I burst out, "but I'm *not* drunk!"

The officer simply ignored me and, turning to the ship's corporal, ordered him to put me below. And at that I flung caution to the winds and asked, as any man was entitled to do under such a charge, to see the doctor.

"Very good," said the officer curtly, but still addressing the corporal, "take him to sick bay for inspection."

The sick bay steward was a pal of mine, and when at last the doctor arrived on his nightly round, he explained that I was a bandsman who wished to be tested for alleged drunkenness. The doctor was an Irishman and a rigid disciplinarian. He put me through a severe test—walking the chalk line, repeating difficult phrases and reading the eyesight testing board—and of course I came through it with ease.

"The man's not drunk at all," grunted the doctor. "What fool said he was?"

"Begging your pardon, sir," the corporal explained, "it was the Officer of the Watch."

"Pwhat!" retorted the doctor, very Irish in this crisis. "The Officer of the Watch, indade! Well, if he says you're drunk, me man, then drunk you are, and that's all about it. *Put him below, Corporal!*"

I was released next morning to take my place with the rest of the band on the poop. Amid cheers from all the Fleet, and to the accompaniment of thousands of crackers let off from the Chinese boats, we steamed slowly down to the harbour's mouth to the strains of that wonderful old melody, "Rolling Home to Merrie England." But we were still not far from shore when the bugle-call for defaulters rang out, and I had to take my place in the old familiar line.

The Commander took that parade and, when he had heard the charge against me, instead of awarding the anticipated ten days "Ten A," he said curtly, "Put this man back for the Captain."

I could almost have hit him. If the skipper found against me, he might make the punishment "cells" with no shore leave at Colombo and the risk of "queering" my discharge papers. I knew I was innocent, but I knew the Navy and I expected the worst.

Two days later "Captain's defaulters" sounded and I fell in with a dozen other men to await the judgment of Captain Percy Scott. I was nearly last on the list, and it struck me that Scott was in a queer temper that day, not exactly ill-humoured, but sardonic.

At last my turn came and Scott listened to the evidence against me, and then asked me what I had to say in my own defence. I told him the whole story of the accusation, the passing of the medical test—and here I thought I noticed the faintest twist of the Captain's lips—and my actual time ashore, with Jack Ventham ready to say that during the whole evening we had drunk no more than three "beers."

"Ah," said Scott "You know, don't you, that according to regulations a man is either drunk or sober? There's no half-way stage. Very well, if you were drunk, you'll be punished; if you were sober, you'll go free. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, not suspecting the trap he had set for me.

"Right. You say you had three beers, and beer contains alcohol, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you admit you took a certain amount of alcohol. In that case, were you in exactly the same condition *after* the 'beers' as you were before? Because, if you were not, then, according to the regulations, which you have just admitted you must acknowledge that you were drunk."

There was a glint in the Captain's eyes as he set me this poser, and I felt that he was half-amused, but unrelenting.

"Excuse me, sir," said I, "but may I put a parallel case before you decide on mine?"

"Certainly; I'm here to give you every chance."

"But my case may sound impertinent, sir, though it isn't really."

"That's all right; I'm broad-minded."

"Thank you, sir. Well then, touching this alcohol question. Last guest night in the wardroom, sir, wouldn't you have taken at least a couple of glasses of wine? And wine has more alcohol in it than any Hong Kong beer. . . . So you see, sir, if anybody said *you* were drunk. . . . Well, sir, *if* you were, I wouldn't grumble at my punishment."

For a moment the Captain was really angry, then he smiled a wintry smile.

"Your parallel case not only sounds impertinent, it *is* impertinent," he said. "But it's damned clever. Case dismissed." The miracle had happened. For once the man who answered back had "got away with it."

I finished that voyage home without a single "crime." We crawled through the Suez Canal, being then—September, 1902—the biggest ship that had ever used it, yet the *Terrible* was only 14,200 tons. Malta was in quarantine for fever and there was no shore leave, but all things come to an end, even a pay-off voyage. At last we left the old Rock of Gibraltar behind us, and we did our final run—a speed trial under forced draught—from Plymouth to Portsmouth in the teeth of one of the worst gales I have ever known. Finally we slipped into our berth alongside the railway jetty with the band playing "Home, Sweet Home," and with friends and sweethearts and wives cheering and waving from the dock.

I had no sweetheart at that time and so, "clicking" for immediate leave, I took the next train to London, saw a motor car for the first time in Liverpool-street, and hurried on to Leytonstone to meet my mother.

The *Terrible's* commission had lasted for four years and seven months, including active service in Natal and China. Though I had been with her throughout, it happened that my name was still borne on the *Impregnable's* books, and so I had to go to Plymouth to pay off.

In spite of all the money I had made at various times and in various ways, I paid off with exactly one pound and a warrant for the journey back to London via Portsmouth! That may be a revealing confession to make. Let me add to it without comment. Six of us started a game of "Nap" in the train going up. My luck was marvellous, and the game was going strong when we got to Portsmouth. We all adjourned to a favourite pub and there we went on playing. One of us would drop out now and again for an hour or two's sleep, but we ate where we sat. The session continued for three days and two nights. There was never a quarrel, and no man even lost his temper.

The game broke up when one man rose, yawned, and remarked simply, "I think I'll chuck it now, boys; I've lost fifty quid."

But I had won exactly £183 15s. I said "goodbye" to all my pals, took the train to London, fell in with some poker players, and lost the lot before I reached Waterloo.

Perhaps it was just as well. I had fifteen weeks' leave to face and, being "broke," I was driven to take my cornet and look for deputy jobs at night in the theatre and music hall orchestras. I earned quite enough to keep me in pocket money, and when I reported back for duty on the *Impregnable* to do the twelve months' home service that always follows a long stretch on foreign station, I had made up my mind, half-reluctantly, half-hopefully, to leave the Service as soon as possible, and take my chance as a musician in civilian life.

● The final chapter in J. H. Squire's thrilling life story "Rhapsody in Red" will appear in a fortnight.

Gateway to the Imperial Palace through which marauding soldiers poured on their way to loot the royal treasures.

NEXT WEEK

"If I Were a Road Dictator"

in which the experts show how they would try to reduce the price we pay for speed if there were a national board of road control. Read

ROADS TO SAFETY
by Daphne Clare

Stories and Features by
Guy Gilpatric, S. L. Bensusan, Miles Henslow, Leslie Baily
and Four Pages of Laughter

Short Short Story

by B. L. JACOT

Really, Mr. Wilson!

ILLUSTRATED BY COLIN ORME

● "Before I go, officer, I think these two gentlemen ought to meet. Mr. Kennerley—this is Mr. Roy Dyson."

GOOD afternoon, Mr.—! I can't quite remember: have I attended you before?

No, Mr. Kennerley. I only just made the appointment with your secretary. My name's Wilson, and—do you mind if I don't get into the chair? You see, my teeth . . . perhaps I'd better explain a bit first.

Certainly, Mr. Wilson. Go ahead. I've seen you before, though, haven't I? I seem to know your face.

We live in the same block of flats. I've often seen you, of course. And your married daughter. You know, Mrs. Vincent. She and her husband live in the flat under me, and I sort of feel neighbourly. I know a dentist with a practice like yours must be a very busy man, and I——

That's all right, Mr. Wilson. You happened on half an hour I could spare, and I am glad to do what I can for you. You're in pain? You needn't be nervous; we don't hurt people much nowadays, you know. Just take a——

No, no! I'm not in pain, or anything, Mr. Kennerley. I'm worried. You see, there's something on my mind.

Well, well. We'll see what we can do about that first then. Go ahead. Tell me your troubles if it will help. I'm old enough to be your father. What are you? Twenty-five?

Twenty-four. You see, this girl she's very young. And I know the man, too, although I've never spoken to him. He's a decent sort of chap, not much to look at, but the solid and reliable sort who doesn't say much. They've only been married a few years.

Married? I'm a dental surgeon, Mr.—ah—Wilson. and if you have got entangled between a man and——

I've never spoken to either of them. It's not that, I assure you. Will a car be all right parked outside your house here? I suppose there's a policeman on duty.

Yes. They generally ring the bell and ask to have it moved. And now, Mr. Wilson, if you will kindly let me have a look at your teeth.

I—I can't talk while my mouth is open, Mr. Kennerley. You see, about this girl. I've seen her day by day for a long time. I'm not married myself. She is a marvellous girl, Mr. Kennerley. Looks so young and—and fresh. Like a schoolgirl, if you know what I mean. You'd never think she had a baby.

Really, Mr. Wilson! I——

I'll be in that chair in a minute. I must get this off my mind, please! The man looks a darned nice fellow. He's always bringing her flowers and things, and he worships that little girl they have. He spends most of his time playing with her in the gardens. I had meningitis at school. I used to play football and run and things until I was eight. But it left me—well, one of my legs isn't much use, so I have plenty of time on my hands for watching other people.

Yes. Please go on, Mr. Wilson. I see the police are busy with your car. But they won't complain just yet.

A fellow like me gets to be a bit of an old woman, I expect. I don't get about much and have plenty of time for thinking and worrying about things. I did not like the way this man used to hang about. Sometimes he would be with that little girl of his, and when she'd gone to bed, he'd be alone.

Wife on a visit?

That's what I thought at first. But it was another man. He used to call for her a lot in his car. It was an expensive car, and he looked an expensive sort of fellow. Sure of himself and always a little overdressed. You know how you can tell when a man is not quite right? I didn't like him from the first. He never called when the husband was there, and the girl was so young and inexperienced.

Yes, but Mr. Wilson, a married woman——

I was rather surprised, but they hadn't much money. The husband had a job in some office, and you could tell that the girl used to make some of her own clothes. Little things like that. This other man had a job with a film concern, designing scenery, or scenarios, or something. I told you this girl was really beautiful.

There seems to be some trouble about your car. There's a police car, and——

I'll move it when they ring your bell. I saw how things were going with that family, and I nosed round like a old woman. I could have kicked that husband for not stopping it, but then I wasn't sure that he knew. People are very blind when they're in love. It was from the film studio and other places I got information that I pieced together, and found out that this other man planned to take the girl away with him. He has a wife in New York incidentally.

Really? And now, Mr. Wilson, if you will let me look at your teeth, please. Your car——

Don't worry about that, Mr. Kennerley.

Don't worry?

I stole that car and drove it here.

You—you stole it?

As I saw it, I had to.

I don't understand you, Mr. Wilson. Do you imagine. . . . Yes, nurse? I . . . what, gentlemen, is the meaning of this?

That's all right, Mr. Kennerley. These would be police officers come to arrest me about the car. Yes, officer. I stole it.

I must ask you to come along with us, sir. And it is my duty to warn you that . . .

Before I go, officer, I think these two gentlemen ought to meet. Mr. Kennerley—this is Mr. Roy Dyson, the man whose car I stole. He works at those film studios I was telling you about. A friend of your daughter, you remember?

Friend of my—— Wait a minute, officer. There's some mistake here. My daughter. She and this. . . . Could I ask you gentlemen to wait outside for one moment? I give you my word—word for Mr. Wilson here, who is an old friend of mine. He could only escape by means of that door, anyway. I want to speak to him privately. There has been a mistake. . . . Thank you, gentlemen.

I'm sorry, Mr. Kennerley. I didn't expect they would come in here to arrest me.

My dear fellow. You must give me time to think. You took his car and brought it here so that——

I had to act quickly when I found out what he intended. I've seen you often with your daughter and I thought—well, I hardly liked to butt in, and I knew that things could easily be cleared up . . . before it was too late. I thought you wouldn't suspect anything; and if you met this man face to face. . . .

Excuse me a moment, my dear boy. I must see the police and explain that this man—Dyson, was his name?—has made a mistake. There oughtn't to be any trouble about that. I take it you're a perfectly respectable chap and all that?

I'm a member of the Bar and have good clubs, and money enough for that matter. I don't think Dyson will hesitate about dropping the charge. I'll wait here, then. . . .

Well, they're gone. And that's that. What a peculiar way you have of doing things! I don't suppose we shall hear anything more of it. Or of Dyson . . . after what I said.

I know. I've just seen him drive off in his car. What did you tell him, if I may ask?

I told him my daughter had often spoken to me about him, and I told him I was taking Valerie—that's my daughter—on a cruise for her health.

And are you?

Me? Why—I think I will. And if you'll pardon my mentioning it, young man, I remember now where I've seen you before. You're the man who spends a lot of time with my granddaughter. Stupid of me not to have recognised you before. I recall the nursemaid pointing you out as the gentleman who leaves those presents. It was you who gave my granddaughter that—ah—large rabbit, was it not?

A fellow like me who can't get about much finds time heavy on his hands. She seems attached to the rabbit, now.

She won't be separated from it. A great friend of yours, my granddaughter, so I hear. You must be——

Well—I live in the flat just above. I think your daughter will enjoy that cruise, Mr. Kennerley. And now, as I was telling you about my teeth, I think it must be the stopping in one of my back teeth that is loose. Shall I get into the chair?

FAMOUS BEAUTY QUEEN

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3 STONE

And Wins

19 BEAUTY CONTESTS

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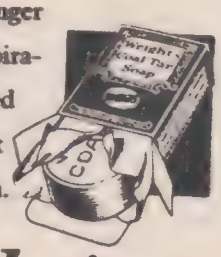

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Wright's COAL TAR *Soap*

for Day-long Freshness

1094 THE SAFE SOAP

COMETS *among the* *Tennis Stars*

by Fred Perry

Donald Budge, lanky youth from California. "The public were crazy about him," writes Mr. Perry.

WIMBLEDON is in the news again. The greatest of all lawn-tennis meetings on the lawns of the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club, which is the official name of the Wimbledon courts, has brought hundreds of players from all over the world to battle for the honours of the game, and thousands of spectators to block the famous walks that separate the courts.

For the players it is an agonising time of trial. Nobody is safe from the first day, for the history of Wimbledon is the story of defeated favourites and of unknown players claiming the honours of the game. Each year Wimbledon provides these "upsets"; each year the struggling thousands watch the games with a feeling of impending surprises. They are never disappointed.

Remember how such stars as Cochet have been overthrown on the first day; how a player such as Crawford was nearly beaten in the first round before going on to win the title. No wonder the "fans" flock from the centre court to see some poor, unfortunate "seedling" battling for his life against an "unknown" on an outside court.

America sent over a youth named Donald Budge last season. All we knew was that he had a shock of the brightest red hair ever seen—and that he was a "pretty good tennis player." He went on to upset two seeded players in succession, Boussus and Austin, before going down to Gottfried von Cramm in the semi-final. It was small wonder that the public were crazy about this new Californian Comet. According to all reports he is now a much better player. Watch out for him this year.

Another of the American stars is Brian Grant, of Atlanta, Georgia, whose absence of height has made the American newspapermen dub him "Atlanta Atom," though he is usually referred to as "Bitsy." It is doubtful whether he stands more than five feet six, and he seems to spend most of his time lying full length on the ground.

One of the most remarkable retrievers in the game, "Bitsy" has caused the downfall of many would-be champions. He seems to be able to run for hours and hours, and even though he looks at times as if he were ready to fall down dead, he always seems to be able to call up the energy to carry on.

The French have provided us with a new "Musketeer," nineteen-years-old Bernard Destremeau, who has been doing great things this season. Even Austin is among his victims. Tall and lithe, he is able to cover the court at great speed, while his shots are particularly adapted for hitting a wide ball.

Most of his best passing shots are made from positions outside the court, the favourite "coup" being an acute angled cross-court shot from wide on the forehand. At present, his backhand is far in advance of any of the other shots. A noticeable feature of his game is the way in which the service is made. The action is cramped, restricting the use of most of his great height. Still, he is under the guiding hand of Suzanne Lenglen, so he will have one of the best teachers, whose expert tuition will soon take the "kinks" out of his game.

Another French "hope" is Pelizza, also nineteen, who played for Paris against London earlier in the year. He is one of the most natural players I have ever seen, hitting the ball in much the same style as Henri Cochet. His main trouble seems to be complete lack of control, so that good and bad shots are hopelessly mixed.

Suzanne Lenglen has also taken a great interest in this youth, and is coaching him on her new courts in Paris. So the French have the nucleus of another "champion team" in Destremeau, Pelizza and his doubles partner, Petra, another "six-footer" who hits the ball extremely hard. They had a close match with Tuckey and Hughes for three sets during the French Championships.

Our friends from Australia will all be old acquaintances. There is Jack Crawford, who has played some stirring games on the centre court these last three seasons; and Adrian Quist, who succeeded him as holder of the Australian title after a long struggle in Adelaide, thus crowning a season of amazing success, for he is the first player ever to hold the titles of Australia, New South Wales, Queensland and Victoria.

Judging from these results, Quist must be regarded as a "possible" for the last days of the Championships.

Von Cramm will be with us again, and also his "second string," Henkel, a man who has made rapid strides in the last twelve months. These two have met in five finals this season, all of which have been won by von Cramm after five sets of gruelling tennis. Any player who can take Cramm to five sets consistently must be producing a good brand of tennis. Those who watched Henkel in the Davis Cup against the Americans last July believed he would develop rapidly, though few thought it would be done in so short a space of time.

Gottfried von Cramm, always a popular figure, is still one of the finest players in the world. His style is beyond reproach, though almost "too copy-book" on occasions.

We must not, of course, forget the rest of the team from the United States—a formidable array of stars indeed—Allison, Budge, Mako and the ever-popular Johnny Van Ryn. They are to be reinforced this time by two unofficial players, Gerald Stratford and Hal Surface, both good players from California. Surface has a strong service with hard hit ground shots. He has been responsible for one of the "major upsets" in America already this season by defeating Allison in a Middle West tournament. These seven provide about the strongest American challenge for some time.

We shall miss the familiar figure of Roderick Menzel for the first time in many years. Earlier in the season when he sailed for the United States to fulfil some writing contracts in the land of the movie-industry, he announced his retirement from the game.

Everybody is watching the women's matches with eagerness to see whether we can regain the crown that Mrs. Moody snatched from Dorothy Round last summer. It is unfortunate that the champion will not be competing, because her absence detracts greatly from the interest. Twelve months out of the game is a long time, and it seemed almost impossible that she could have retained her title with so little match practice, particularly against so strong a field.

The strongest overseas challenge usually comes from the United States: it is either Mrs. Moody or Helen Jacobs, and this year Miss Jacobs is here to carry on the good work.

Of all the English girls in the tournament, we have none who have such outstanding chances as our two champions, Miss Round and Kay Stammers.

We must not forget Sarah Palfrey Fabian, a most delightful person and grand player. Though not too dangerous in singles, her play in the doubles game can be ranked as some of the finest in the world, delicate volleys, good smashing and extremely good court positioning making her most difficult to beat.

Then there is Mrs. Van Ryn, a member of the American team, who has been playing extremely well in the States, and has been given a place in the Wightman Cup team. She is capable of springing a surprise.

Chili is well represented by Senorita Lizana. Those who have not seen her so far this year will be astounded at the improvement in her game. Many of the old trick shots have been discarded, and in their stead we find solid driving, cunningly intermingled with delicate drop shots.

Actually the main challenge to our title comes from the Continent. Such players as Mrs. Sperling, Madame Mathieu and Mlle. Jedrzejowska are proving extremely dangerous. Mrs. Sperling's best surface is a hard court, where she is virtually unbeatable. Her powers of retrieving are helped considerably by a slow surface, but the manner in which she beat Kay Stammers last year on Court Number One serves to show that there is danger ahead for any of her opponents.

Madame Mathieu, the best player from France, has been hitting the ball much better so far this year, and has won many tournaments on the Riviera, beating Kay Stammers in two or three of them. Madame Mathieu will be worth watching.

The Polish player, Mlle. Jedrzejowska, or the "girl with the difficult name," has made great strides this winter, beating Kay Stammers and Helen Jacobs. She was unexpectedly beaten by Madame de Valdene (better known to tennis fans as Senta. Lili d'Alvarez) in Paris, but her play then showed she is now able to control the ball and hit hard, which was not so last season.

All these players will be able to provide ample opposition for any would-be champion. The player who is crowned Lady Champion next week will have deserved the honour, because it is sheer hard work from the start.

There is still plenty of hard work to be done before anyone can hope to emerge victorious. There must be no faltering at this time; it is hard going right from the start, and the slightest slip may still prove the undoing of any of the favourites. Players have settled down to hard work, the courts to hard play, and the thousands of spectators to marvellous tennis with plenty of thrills, and all the makings of the "best ever Wimbledon" for the championships of the world on grass courts!

Continuing "The Legacy Murders"

The READING of the WILL

READ THIS FIRST Valerie Beauchamp, best-seller novelist, has been receiving love letters from an admiring reader, who calls himself Arthur Scott-Digby. She has never seen him, but he writes so passionately that this middle-aged woman with a very mean way of being kind and a great love of money-making finds herself falling in love for the first time in her life. She replies to his letters with the same intensity that she writes the love scenes for her novels: she imagines herself as one of her own heroines. But her shadow-lover fails to meet her when she goes with his photograph in her pocket to keep a suggested tryst . . . next morning Canon Garnett, father of Valerie's secretary Naomi, calls on the novelist. Rather haltingly he tells her that Naomi has confessed to him that the local literary society, the Esoterics, of which she was a member had invented Arthur Scott-Digby. Its six members—Joshua Stanton, Edward Calcott, Adelaide Tring, Freddy Reeves, Naomi Garnett and Cyril Sidebotham—had agreed that Calcott should write the love letters to her as a joke, and had read her replies.

When she realises how she has been fooled, Valerie goes crazy: angrily she orders the Canon and his daughter out of the house, dismisses her servants and even sends away her faithful companion Lavinia Brown. For days she lives alone, maddened by hatred for those who have hoaxed her, grief-stricken at finding her only love affair was but a joke. She listens at the window of Councillor Stanton's study while the Esoterics discuss a letter of apology they are to send to her and a few hours later Lavinia Brown runs into the local police-station crying, "come quickly . . . Miss Beauchamp dead in her bed . . . murdered." Now read on.

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR CROSBY replaced the sheet. His shrewd little face, that usually closed tight upon his emotions, was a trifle pale. He looked across at his friend and colleague. Detective-Inspector George Martin was obviously feeling it, too.

Both men, as by common consent, turned abruptly from the dark mahogany bed, now decently covered.

"Well," said Crosby. "He made a thorough job of it, whoever he was."

Martin nodded. He needed time to recover. He was an inspector of four years' service and had to his credit a number of cases, but he had seen nothing to equal this.

"Funny how some will go on battering long after there is any need."

It was Sergeant Allthorpe, the local man, speaking. Allthorpe had not turned a hair. But Allthorpe was merely a policeman.

The door opened and the finger-print man entered with his assistants.

"Wait a minute, Wilks," said Martin. "I want to have a look at things before you get busy."

He moved, as he spoke, to the bay window and, standing with his back to it, looked round the room. It was quiet and spacious, full of sunshine and old furniture. A press stood in one corner. There were three or four pastel drawings hanging on the tinted walls. Crosby, with pencil and pad, was already drawing a plan. Except for what lay on the bed, nothing was noticeably unusual or out of place.

There were one or two details which might be significant. The night-table had been moved slightly nearer to the bed and had then been pushed back again as was shown by traces on the parquet. When or why it had been done there was no means of telling. A small walnut chest of drawers on the other side of the bed had also been moved. Its usual position on the carpet was clearly defined by four indentations an inch or two from the spot on which it at present rested.

"Probably moved when the place was dusted," said Crosby.

Martin nodded.

"Test everything, Wilks," said Martin. "There won't be much else to go upon," and, turning, he looked out into the garden.

The window, with rose-coloured curtains, gave on to a small balcony, an addition of later date to the Georgian house. The view across country was beautiful and the summer sky serene. But Martin was interested in the ladder. It was almost hidden in the shadow of a great cedar tree, whose branches brushed the walls of the house, and it was reared against the foot of the balcony.

Martin turned to Sergeant Allthorpe.

"Go down and see if you can find any footmarks," he said. "Be careful not to cover the tracks."

Sergeant Allthorpe left the room. Martin, remaining in the window, watched the operations of Wilks, busy at the bed. He was taking the finger-prints of the dead woman—black prints on a white surface. Soon he left the bed and began work in the room with his powder and insufflator.

He was joined by Gresham and Stokes with camera and tripod. Already, Gresham was preparing the fuses. Soon they would draw the sheet right back and Martin would look elsewhere.

Crosby, to his right, was opening a small door leading to the bathroom. Martin began to move quietly round the room. The carpet, a Persian affair of intricate patterns, blue and red and green, showed no foot-marks. One of the drawings, the head of an eighteenth-century girl, framed in thin, black wood was askew and there was a smudge on the wall beside it. Martin slipped a finger under the lower edge of the picture, lifting it slightly so that he could look behind. There was a small hole in the wall-paper, firm and well made.

"Test this wall and picture, Wilks," said Martin.

Wilks, with his sandy-haired assistant, whose name Martin could never remember, came to his elbow. Together, they lifted the picture from its hook.

"That is a keyhole," said Martin, as the small orifice was laid bare.

Crosby, who had been standing by the night-table, approached with a small object in his open palm—a small, flat, steel key.

"On the table by the bed," he said. "Too small to retain prints."

Martin picked it up.

"Three beauties, sir," came the voice of Wilks, who was working on the picture.

"How do they compare with the cards?" Martin asked.

He approached and looked at the prints. They were startlingly clear in the grey powder. Wilks had taken up a white card on which, equally startling in black ink, ten other prints were displayed.

"Two of the prints," he said, "are identical with those of the deceased. The third, by the look of it, was made by someone else."

Martin's mind went back to the dreadful figure behind him. It had not yet been touched except to take the impressions. He gave a glance at the glass of the picture and at the card.

"Sure that the third is different, Wilks?" he demanded.

The question was automatic. Wilks on finger-prints was like Bradshaw on railway-trains.

"Not a doubt of it, sir."

Martin nodded and, moving towards the wall, inserted the key in the lock. A small square portion of the wall, which the picture had entirely concealed, swung towards him noiselessly, and behind it were the steel walls of a safe, unexpectedly deep, and containing two compartments of unequal size. The lower and larger compartment was empty. In the upper compartment lay a long grey envelope. Martin picked it up. It was tied with red tape and bore upon its outside, in the elaborate lettering of a lawyer's clerk, "Last Will and Testament of Vera Brown."

"Vera Brown?" said Martin.

Crosby nodded.

"That was her family name, you know. Valerie Beauchamp was a *nom de plume*."

Martin slipped the will into his pocket.

There came a blinding flash behind them.

"Take a vertical one as well," Gresham was saying.

The door opened and a stout little man with a round face came into the room.

"I am Doctor Reeves," said the little man. "I have only just heard. I came at once. Terrible . . . terrible."

He ended with a nervous laugh.

"Good morning, Doctor," answered Martin, shaking a trembling hand. "The police surgeon will be here in a moment. Perhaps you will begin your examination at once."

"Certainly," said Dr. Reeves, and moved towards the body. Again, he laughed.

Martin looked at him a moment in surprise, but realised that the laugh was merely a nervous affection. He was saved from further comment by the entrance of the police surgeon, Dr. Costin, who came quickly into the room, bag in hand. He nodded briefly at Martin and moved to the bed. Crosby in the bathroom was calling for Wilks. Martin returned to the window, glad to have his back to the doctors who were already busy by the bed.

Sergeant Allthorpe hailed him from the garden.

"No footprints," he announced, "but perhaps you ought to come down."

Martin, leaving the room, went down the wide stairs, thankful to escape. He emerged from the house on to a wide terrace and the sergeant led him to a cedar tree.

by Francis Beeding

"It isn't possible to have the capital, I suppose?" Everyone turned and looked hard at Freddy Reeves.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK M. FAULKS

The foot of the ladder rested on a disused flower-bed. The reason for its disuse was evident, for the shade of the cedar was such that little could be expected to grow there. The earth of the bed had a dull, neglected look. Yet, from where the foot of the ladder touched it to the edge of the bed ran the broad markings of a rake.

"Smoothed out his footsteps behind him, sir," said the Sergeant, and pointed to the trunk of the cedar against which a rake was leaning.

"Get Sergeant Wilks," ordered Martin briefly.

He searched the ground diligently by the cedar tree till Wilks appeared, but found nothing.

"Test that rake-handle," he said and, while Wilks was at work, continued his search. There were no traces of footsteps, however, which was not surprising for there had not been much rain of late. The person who had climbed the ladder must have walked past the cedar along a hard gravel path bordered by laurel and privet and so to the iron gate in the low wall that surrounded the garden. Yet there were no traces of his progress.

"Rake is positive, sir," said Wilks, as Martin, his examination of the patch completed, walked across the lawn.

"What's more," added Wilks, "the prints are very distinctive and look to me like the odd one we found on the picture. I'll compare them presently."

Martin nodded hopefully.

"Something to go upon at last," he said.

"Test the window, also," he added.

"Looks like a casual job, sir," said Wilks. "No professional would rake over the footmarks and leave his finger-prints on the handle."

Martin moved back to the house, and in the hall met the two doctors coming down.

"Well?" he asked.

"At least seven blows on the head with a blunt instrument—a hammer or a bar," said Dr. Costin briefly, "most of them delivered after death."

"That is also my opinion," sniggered Dr. Reeves.

The sound of tyres below on the gravel drive announced the arrival of the police ambulance.

"Who was her dentist?" asked Martin abruptly. "Do you know?"

"No idea, Inspector. None whatever. Some London man, I expect."

Martin turned away as two men bearing a stretcher came through the doorway.

◆ ◆ ◆

"A large sum of money, Miss Brown?"

The Coroner, hitherto formal, was showing interest.

"Have you any idea as to the exact amount?" he added.

Inspector George Martin shifted on the hard bench and turned towards Miss Lavinia Brown who was in the witness-box. Her face was a white surface painfully relieved by a pair of red-rimmed eyes. But she spoke quite steadily.

"I couldn't tell you exactly how much, Mr. Coroner. But I know it was considerable. Miss Beauchamp lost most of what she earned from her first book in a bank failure. Since then she has always kept a certain amount of money in hand."

"But you have no idea how much money she kept in that safe in her bedroom?"

"I know it ran into thousands of pounds."

"In what form?"

"Notes and bearer bonds and a little gold, but not much."

"Did anyone besides yourself know that it was her habit to keep this money in the house?"

"Not that I'm aware of."

"Or of the existence of the safe?"

"I don't think so. But one never knows. Servants are so inquisitive."

The Coroner sat back

"We will go back, if you please, to the morning of Thursday, the 20th. You have told us that you had a quarrel with the deceased as the result of which she ordered you to leave the house."

Lavinia Brown murmured something.

"Speak up, please."

"Miss Beauchamp was not herself," answered Lavinia Brown.

"Why was she not herself?"

The white face flushed.

"Miss Beauchamp had received a stab in the back."

"A stab in the back?"

"Figuratively, Mr. Coroner."

The Coroner cleared his throat.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to be a little more explicit," he said.

"My friend had been the victim of a cruel hoax. She believed that I was a party to it. Many of those whom she had regarded till then as her friends were implicated."

The Coroner interrupted the witness.

"It may, perhaps, be necessary to go into that later," he said. "The upshot of it was that she quarrelled with you and dismissed you from her service?"

"She thought I was a party to the hoax."

The Coroner consulted his notes.

"Four days later," he said, "you returned to the house. Why did you go back?"

"I wanted to clear up that dreadful misunderstanding. I felt sure that Miss Beauchamp would have realised her mistake. I called in the morning, but no one answered the bell. I still had a key to the house which I had taken away with me by mistake. I noticed that the milk and bread had been left at the back door. Miss Beauchamp had sent away the servants. I had that news from the postman. I thought of her living there alone and I was afraid that she might have done something desperate."

"What, exactly, do you mean by that?"

Lavinia Brown hesitated. She spoke almost in a whisper.

"I feared that she might have taken her own life."

"Tell us what happened next."

"I let myself into the house. All was very quiet. I went upstairs, and I saw——"

The Coroner nodded.

"We have already had evidence of that," he said kindly. "What did you do next?"

"I went at once to the police-station."

The Coroner held up a sheet of paper.

(continued on next page)

Continuing The Legacy Murders

"You recognise this letter?"

The thin, black figure swayed. Two white hands clutched at the rail of the box.

"I received it by post on the morning of May 24th. It was addressed to me at 'Avilion.'"

"Miss Beauchamp writes as though she had intended to take her own life. You said just now that you feared this would happen. Had you any special reason to anticipate anything of the kind beyond the fact that Miss Beauchamp had been the victim of a hoax?"

"I knew she was a broken-hearted woman and I understood her so well. You see, we were blood relations and I know just how I should have felt myself in the circumstances."

Lavinia Brown looked wildly about the court as though she were seeking for faces among those present. Her accusing eyes swept a small group upon the public benches. Naomi Garnett was there with Freddy Reeves, Councillor Stanton, and Adelaide Tring. She thrust out her arm point-blank in their direction.

"I hold them responsible," she exclaimed. "But for them my poor Vera would never have been left alone and she would still be alive to-day. They killed Valerie Beauchamp as surely as though they had battered her to death with their own hands."

The thin voice rose to a high note and died away, to be succeeded by a harsh sobbing. A police-constable came forward, as the sobs turned suddenly to a shrill screaming.

The Coroner sat back. Such screams as these were not infrequent in his experience. He watched Lavinia Brown being assisted from the court.

A man of middle height, dressed impeccably in striped trousers and a black coat, was taking the oath.

"Your name is John Penfold of 234 Wimpole Street?"

"Yes."

"You are a dental surgeon?"

"Yes."

"The late Vera Brown was one of your patients?"

"I knew her under the name of Valerie Beauchamp."

The Coroner nodded sharply.

"She was my patient for eight years," continued John Penfold.

"You were called in by the police to assist in identification?"

"Yes."

"Do you positively identify the remains of the deceased as being those of Vera Brown, *alias* Valerie Beauchamp?"

The dentist nodded.

"I do," he said. "The teeth were badly damaged, but my work was sufficiently intact for identification. I was able to identify in particular the broken crown of the right mesial incisor of the upper jaw and a second pre-molar of the lower jaw inserted on the left side. This work I easily recognised and it is in my opinion, sufficient to identify the deceased as my patient."

"Thank you, Mr. Penfold," said the Coroner.

Mr. Adrian Willows, Editor of the *Daily Wire* carefully set down his pipe on the office table. His cue was to be amiable but judicious.

"It's a good story, Doubleday. But it will need careful handling."

The Editor's bald head gleamed under the table-lamp and his fiery eyes glittered.

He tapped the paper in front of him.

"How much of this is exclusive?" he asked.

"There won't be much in the *Evening Despatch* or *Night Herald*. The other fellows mobbed the old lady outside the Coroner's court, which didn't seem good enough to me. So I slipped quietly off to 'Avilion' and caught her when she returned to the house. After that it was plane sailing. She just opened her heart to me, as it were. She was not difficult to handle, but no one with a grievance is ever difficult if you are sympathetic and take an interest."

"Queer people, these esoterics, Doubleday?"

"Not as queer as you might think. I once had to interview the late Valerie Beauchamp and I was mighty glad, before I had done with her, that I lived in another parish."

"You think they were justified?"

"I can understand how it all began, but they certainly went beyond decent limits. Anyhow, there's the whole story—as seen by Miss Lavinia Brown."

Willows nodded.

"Front page stuff," he said. "But show it to Fleming. Safety first, and I can't afford another libel action just at present."

"I showed it to Fleming on the way up, sir. He says there's nothing actionable."

"Well, perhaps he's right. But the implication is that these people drove Valerie Beauchamp to her death and that they deserve to be hanged for it."

"Fair comment, sir, if you ask me."

"Very well. Get on with it, Doubleday."

Doubleday turned to go.

"One minute, Doubleday. What about trying to interview Stanton and Company. Ask them what it feels like to be charged with hounding a local celebrity to death."

"Nothing doing, sir. But I'll keep the story in mind, and, if anything else should come up, you may rely on me, sir. I'll be right on the spot."

"Carry on, Doubleday."

"Of course it's most terribly sad, but at least you have no cause to reproach yourself with anything."

Olive Higham wriggled her plump person back into the chair and gazed at Lavinia Brown. She was trying hard to conceal her curiosity, but, now that she had got so far, she must not spoil her chances of getting farther. It was extraordinary she be there at all and, when she had rung the bell, she had not really expected to be admitted. But Lavinia herself had opened the door and, seeing who it was, had beckoned her into the house.

They were sitting now in the drawing-room at 'Avilion,' one on each side of the empty hearth.

Olive Higham looked covertly at her friend. How white was her face against the black of her weeds.

Lavinia rose to her feet. Mrs. Higham looked at her anxiously. Was she to be dismissed?

"You would like to see the room, perhaps?" Lavinia suggested.

Olive Higham's heart exulted. Had she not been beating her brains for the last twenty minutes for an excuse to make that request?

"I shall live here as long as they will allow me to do so," said Lavinia. "For me this house is sacred."

Olive Higham, struggling from the deep chair, was, for all her curiosity, a little daunted. Lavinia was undoubtedly queer. How she stared, as though seeing things invisible, and how terribly intense was her manner. She had, of course, had a terrible shock. But Lavinia had always been eccentric. It was scarcely safe and proper for her to remain in this great house alone, with no help except that girl from the village. She ought to take a companion —and need not look very far to find one.

Olive Higham sighed as she followed Lavinia up the wide stairs. It was common knowledge that her friend was to inherit "Avilion" with money enough, as well, to keep it up. But surely she couldn't mean to go on living like a caretaker. It was morbid. It was dangerous. It was peculiar.

She shook her head doubtfully as she found herself walking into a room which she had never seen before. It was a beautiful room. Rose-coloured silk curtains hung near the windows, one of which was a bay and showed a balcony beyond. There was a fine mahogany bed—the bed on which the body had been found. A Persian carpet bloomed beneath her feet.

Lavinia pointed to the bed.

"It was there I found her," she said tensely. "Battered to death."

Olive Higham made no attempt to restrain a shudder.

"Horrible," she whispered.

"Everything," continued Lavinia, upright at the foot of the bed, "has been left exactly as it was in her lifetime. So it will always remain. This was her room. She would not want anything to be altered."

"Quite so," murmured Olive.

"Nothing has been touched," repeated Lavinia. "Nothing—except the tooth-glass in the bathroom."

Mrs. Higham looked at her friend with frightened eyes. The anti-climax was startling.

"They took that away," went on Lavinia solemnly, "wrapped in tissue paper and I have applied in vain for it to be returned."

There was a short silence.

"That picture is crooked," said Olive Higham.

She moved towards a pastel drawing of the head of a girl and made to put it straight.

"Don't touch it!"

Olive jumped at the shrill warning.

"I am sure I beg your pardon," she said hastily.

"It was like that when they found her," explained Lavinia.

Olive Higham stepped back and her gaze came to rest on a little frame of black wood with a cross above it hanging over the bed. The frame contained a letter.

"I see you are looking at the letter," said Lavinia Brown.

Her friend eyed the frame with an expression of awe on her pleasant face.

"The letter," she stammered.

Lavinia nodded.

"You may read it if you like."

With knees that trembled a little, Olive walked to the bed.

"But you are not to touch it," came the voice of Lavinia from behind her.

Olive Higham leaned across the bed and, as she did so, it occurred to her that the murderer must have stood where she was standing when he had committed his awful deed.

She shuddered uncontrollably as she read :—

"*May 23rd*, 193-.

"DEAREST LAVINIA,

"This is the end. After what has happened I can no longer bear the shame of living. I ask your pardon, dear Lavinia, for the scene we had together two days ago. It was wrong of me unjustly to suspect you. By the time you get this, I shall be dead, but you are not to worry or grieve. I die at peace, having done all that is necessary for your comfort and having declared myself free of malice to the world. God has given me strength to forgive my enemies.

"VALERIE BEAUCHAMP."

Olive Higham's eyes were a little misty as she finished reading and looked at her friend.

"She intended to poison herself," said Lavinia. "The police found the veronal beside her bed. But it was not to be and, before she could take her own life, another hand had struck her down."

"Sorry I'm late," said Councillor Stanton as he entered the lawyer's office.

Adelaide Tring shifted uneasily on the hard chair to which she had been assigned. The company was now complete. The room in Lincoln's Inn Fields to which they had been summoned to meet on this morning of Tuesday, May 30th, was all she had expected a lawyer's office to be. Japanned tin boxes, labelled in white with many distinguished names, among which were those of Lord Clover and the Earl of Pendlecot, disputed with huge quantities of books the right to line three of the four walls. The room was hot and airless, though the windows were wide and the sound of the traffic made a steady undertone.

Adelaide Tring, with the rest of them, had been cited to the meeting by Mr. Thoroughgood of Dutton & Thoroughgood, lawyers. She had his unexpected letter in her black handbag.

She smoothed the skirt over her knees. It hung badly. That last piece of home-woven cloth had not been a great success—her eyes not being quite so good as they ought to be. But why be thinking of spectacles? The room was big with fate.

Councillor Stanton took a chair next to Naomi Garnett. Beyond them was Edward Calcott, while beside Adelaide Freddy Reeves shuffled his feet like an overgrown schoolboy.

Edward Calcott had arrived only that morning, having broken his holiday. He had, she understood, been summoned from Marseilles, a queer place for a holiday, and he was to return there, so he said, that afternoon, as soon as this mysterious business had been completed.

Mr. Thoroughgood had enthroned himself in a Chippendale chair with carved arms in front of his polished mahogany desk. On his nose pince-nez gleamed and in his hand were some thick sheets of folded blue paper.

"You will forgive me," he said, "for asking you to meet me here this afternoon. What I am to read to you, however, will justify my action in the matter. I think everything is in order, so with your permission I will begin at once."

Everything in order! That was a reference, she supposed, to certain troublesome formalities to which they had been required to accede. They had included, somewhat to her indignation, the production of a birth certificate.

The lawyer cleared his throat and began again.

"I have here," he said, "the last will and testament of my late client, Miss Vera Brown, widely known to the public as Valerie Beauchamp, whose death in such tragic circumstances we all deplore."

Adelaide Tring's attention was caught by the face of Naomi. How white and ill she looked.

(*continued on page* 28)

Laughter

The "PASSING SHOW" Smile Section

"Suppose I'd been fool enough to take the job without seeing you practise?"

"Such fun, Mummy. Willie's buttered the stepping stones."

The taxi-driver gets fitted for glasses.

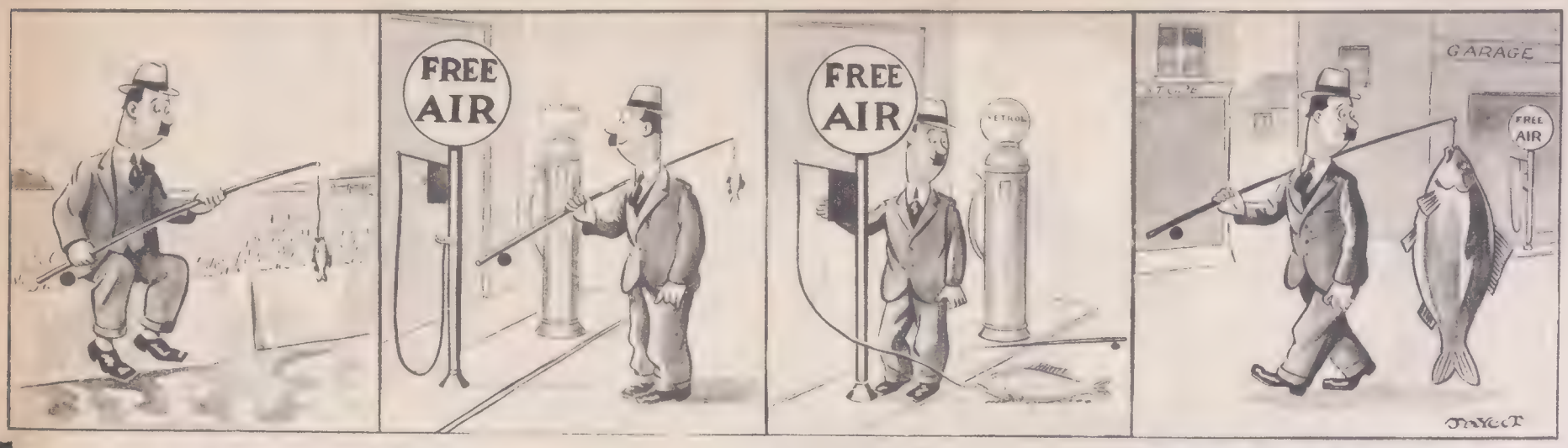
"I couldn't play the confounded thing, anyhow."

"Well, all I can say is, you're a rotten boat builder !"

"I only told you to fetch *my* shoes."

A MAN ON SMOKING

by A. C. BARRETT



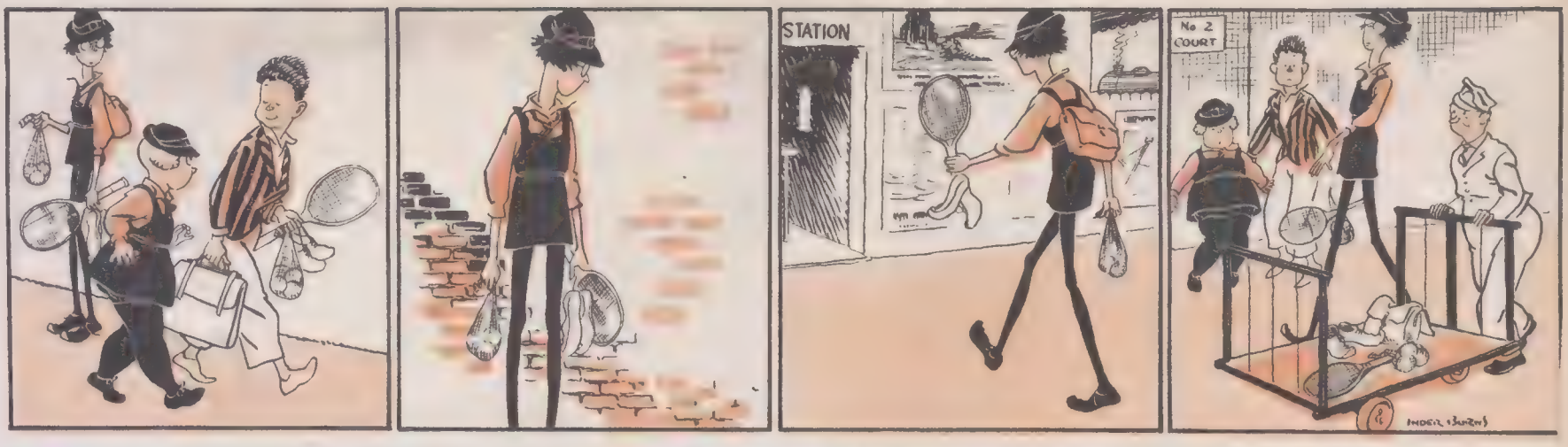
" Extension of premises, sir."

LAUGH WITH THE WORLD

Boarding-house maid : " The conjuror's 'opped it, ma'm."

Canoe with fishing facilities.
Das Illustrierte Blatt, Frankfurt.

" It's satisfying to think if both capital and labour are smashed we're still safe." *Smith's Weekly, Sydney.*



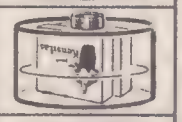
If they wants a film star---wot about me?
For ain't I as sweet as Shirley T?
I'd make 'em larf an' I'd make 'em cry
But nobody's arsked me—don't know why.

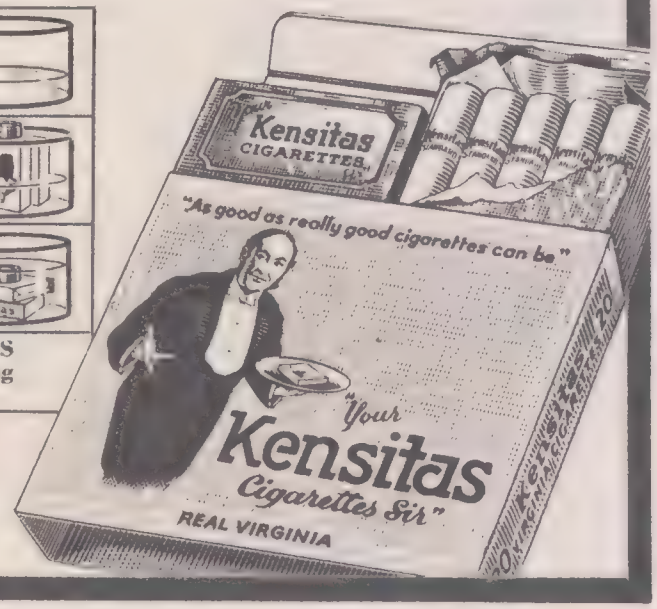
"Smith, go down to my cabin and get my overcoat."

OLD BILL and BERT — by BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

TOO MUCH OR TOO LITTLE MOISTURE RUINS A CIGARETTE. SO KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS* ARE MOISTURE CONTROLLED RIGHT UP TO THE TIME OF YOUR PURCHASE

Miss Carr made this MOISTURE CONTROL Test:

1	HERE IT IS—YOU TRY HER DRASTIC TEST!— Miss Carr put an inch of water in a flat-bottomed dish.	
2	She placed a 20 packet of KENSITAS in its new Moisture Control wrapping, top end down, in water so that packet stood upright with its sealed end submerged. She did the same with a 20 packet wrapped the usual way and laid a weight across the packets to hold in position.	
3	After five minutes, she lifted the weight, placed packets one on top of other, flat on water, replaced weight, and left submerged for five more minutes (packets were both completely covered with water).	
RESULT:	On opening, cigarettes wrapped usual way were wet. KENSITAS COSTLIER TOBACCOS in the new Moisture Control wrapping were still in perfect smoking condition.	



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"Last the time of three" HEELS"

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Phillip's Patents, Ltd., Dept. P.S.9, Western Avenue, Acton, London, W.3.

Mothers will like this!

Have you seen the delightful new Presentation Set of Toilet Preparations for Baby that Cuticura have just placed on the market? Naturally enough, mothers — and mothers-to-be — are specially enthusiastic about it because in addition to containing Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Brand Ointment and Cuticura Talcum Powder — recognised as indispensable for baby's well-being — at an inclusive cost of 3/6, the set also includes a valuable FREE GIFT—can you guess what it is?—a big, fluffy IVA Fur Powder Puff!

Everyone is saying that it makes the most sensible and acceptable gift imaginable. Most Mothers know that thorough cleansing and purification of baby's skin are essential if minor skin troubles and irritations are to be avoided. Cuticura Soap has exactly the qualities needed to ensure this, because it always leaves the skin soothed and comforted after washing. Talking of that, baby's joyous gurgles as he is dusted with Cuticura Talcum after the bath leave no doubt about how satin-soft and comforting it is! Wise mothers also like to keep Cuticura Brand Ointment handy. It has a reputation for quickly allaying chafing or healing any little skin outbreak. Cuticura are to be congratulated for producing a set that pleases mothers and helps to keep baby happy and lovely. Attractively packed, it can be obtained from any chemist.

Complete Story by GARNETT RADCLIFFE

Touch Wood

● "Give it back at once or I'll pull the communication cord."
She reached for the cord, but Sam's massive hand closed on her arm.
"Now sit down and be sensible," he said.

EXACTLY half a minute before the midday Birmingham flier was due to leave Euston, a girl in a red hat entered the first-class smoking compartment "Touch Wood" Sam Patton had hoped to have to himself. Apparently she was no more desirous of his company than he was of hers. She gave him a distrustful glance and turned to her porter.

"I'd like to have one to myself if possible."

The porter looked doubtful.

"'Fraid you've left it a bit late, miss. She's pretty full."

Sam felt her renewed scrutiny. Seemingly he passed the test, for he heard her speaking again to the porter.

"Oh! this will be all right. Here."

"Thank you, miss."

The porter slammed the door, a whistle blew, a green flag waved and the Birmingham flier commenced her smooth, non-stop run. From behind his paper Sam took a peep at his travelling companion. Despite the existence of a well-beloved Mrs. Patton and three adored little Pattons in a Cricklewood villa, he would not have been at all averse from beguiling a too familiar journey by conversation with a lady who looked attractive and sounded intelligent.

Somehow he couldn't bring himself to produce the conventional opening gambit about the weather. The attractive lady's attitude showed clearly that she did not desire conversation. She sat screwed round with her face to the window holding her handbag clasped on her lap with both hands.

Sam felt amused. To him an experienced traveller whose principal duty was the safe conveyance of valuables, it was patent she had something precious in that bag; also that the fact was weighing on her mind.

"I'm not going to let this bag out of my hands for an instant." That was what he knew she was thinking.

He would have liked to have given her some paternal advice on the subject of how to carry valuables in a train. As traveller and buyer for Pittsbody and Orr—he had held the position for nearly fifteen years and was known as "Touch Wood" Sam because of the frequency with which he enunciated the boast, "I've never lost anything yet, touch wood"—he could have spoken with authority. Indeed, although no one could have guessed the fact from his casual appearance, he had at that moment a valuable uncut diamond safely tucked away in a specially made inner waistcoat pocket.

Again he peeped at the girl in the red hat. He caught her in the act of looking to see if whatever it was she was so uneasy about was still all right, poor kid! She caught his eye, flushed and clicked the bag shut with a haste that was almost rude.

"Thinks I'm a train thief!" Sam thought to himself. "That's a good 'un! Ought to make the boys cackle when I tell them."

His burly person shook with suppressed laughter. Lest the girl should notice his mirth he turned his face the other way and saw that he had not been the only observer of the girl's movements. A young, flashily dressed man with a pallid complexion had been peering through the window from the corridor. When he met Sam's gaze he moved hastily away.

"If she put that bird down as a train thief she might have been nearer the mark," Sam thought. He had distrusted the appearance of that young man. With a squeeze of the upper portion of his arm against his side he assured himself that the Ona diamond—to give the stone he was carrying its trade name—was still in its rightful place.

The sliding door from the corridor opened and he saw a dining-car attendant in white uniform. He addressed the girl in the red hat before turning to Sam.

"First or second lunch, Madam?"

From the corner of his eye Sam noted the nervous way she clutched her bag as she replied.

"First, thank you."

"And you, sir?"

"No waiting for me," said Sam. "I'll take first too."

He succeeded in catching the girl's eye and eliciting a faint smile. Each was handed a pink ticket. As the attendant went out Sam essayed a further remark.

"You get it hotter if you take the first."

She laughed and looked scared at the same time.

"I—I suppose you do."

No, she certainly was not an experienced traveller. First lunch was due to be served at half-past twelve; five minutes before that time she left the compartment. For safety—Sam guessed someone had been telling her scare stories about bag snatchers—she had looped the strap of her bag twice round her left arm.

At half-past twelve he followed. When he entered the dining saloon he saw her at a table for two. The seat opposite hers was empty. Emboldened by a faint smile of recognition he made for it.

"D'you mind if I park myself here?"

She snatched her bag off the table and murmured a shy word of consent. Sam lowered his big form into the seat. Her palpable distrust had begun to annoy him.

"Don't worry; I'm not going to pinch it," he said, covering his bluntness with a friendly smile.

The girl flushed.

"I didn't think you were. I was only——"

"Putting it where I wouldn't feel tempted," Sam grinned. "Well, you needn't be scared of me. What I'd like to do though is give you a word of good advice."

"What?"

"If," said Sam, laying down the law like an expert, "you've got to carry something out of the way valuable, don't have it in a bag. Have it in an inner pocket, or, better still, stitched in your clothes somewhere it can't be seen. Never in a bag though. That's asking for trouble, especially if you let everyone see you nursing the bag as if it held nitro-glycerine. It's a funny thing, but the more casual you are with something the less likely you are to lose it."

She was laughing now.

"You seem well up in the business!"

"I ought to be," Sam chuckled. "It's my job. I'm traveller for a wholesale jewellery concern."

The girl stared at him.

"Are you really?"

Sam produced his card.

"There you are. That's my little ticket-of-leave."

Illustrated by
CLIVE UPTTON

The girl scrutinised the card. Then her slim shoulders began to shake with laughter.

"This is awfully funny. I know Pittsbody and Orr quite well. You see I happen to be in the same line myself."

It was Sam's turn to stare.

"Who?"

"Gratton's Jewel Store, Ltd."

Sam nodded.

"I know their place in Cornhill. Is that where you work?"

"Yes, as a typist. Heavens, I wish they'd let me stay at my typewriter. It suits me much better than taking valuable pearl necklaces about in trains. But Mr. Dundee—he's our regular traveller—was taken ill suddenly, and there happened to be no one else available. I thought I'd enjoy the trip and asked Mr. Dundee if I might go in his place; I wish I hadn't now. You see, if this pearl necklace was stolen. . . . What?"

Sam had raised his large hand in a warning gesture.

"'Scuse me. As an old hand I'll give you another tip. If you're carrying valuables don't announce the fact to the whole train. I don't say there's a crook within a hundred miles of us, but you never know. They're clever as paint, some of the birds on this train racket. Only last week a pal of mine, a fellow called Freebody, lost a diamond ring on this very train. It was spirited out of his pocket. Just like magic. He never knew he'd been robbed till he got to Ely's."

He saw the girl clutch the bag on her lap and his eyes twinkled.

"Now don't be scared, miss. While I've got my eye on you you're all right. I'm an old hand. I guess it was a bit of luck we happened to meet."

She looked at him admiringly.

"I suppose you've never been robbed?"

"Never, touch wood," Sam told her.

The lunch that had begun in so uncompromising a fashion finished gaily. Miss Parrott, as she had informed Sam was her name, seemed to have lost her distrust. Sam enjoyed himself thoroughly. He embarked on his favourite subject—the cunning and cleverness of the train gangs whom it was his duty to circumvent.

"They never leave anything to chance," he told her. "When they're planning a big coup they watch you for weeks beforehand and lay their plans accordingly. Often they have an accomplice in a position to give inside information. In a store like ours, say, where there are scores of employees always coming and going, it's easy for a clever crook to get a temporary job. Then if he hears of valuable stuff having to be taken anywhere he passes word to his pals, and they fix up a plan. Oh! it's a regular business. . . . You have to keep your eyes skinned all the time. . . ."

Miss Parrott listened as to an oracle. She contrived to eat with one hand, the other holding her bag.

"You positively terrify me," she said at last. "I hardly dare to walk back to my compartment."

"I'll keep an eye on you," Sam said gallantly. "They won't get away with any grabbing tricks while I'm about."

By this time he took quite a paternal interest in Miss Parrott's welfare. They left the dining saloon together and Sam was close behind her as they went along the corridor. The return journey was accomplished without incident, and they sank into their respective corner seats. Sam produced his cigar case.

"May I?"

"Certainly. I'm going to have a cigarette."

When his cigar was well alight Sam turned his thoughts momentarily to his own affairs, or, to be more exact, to his firm's affairs. After taking the Ona diamond to Messrs. Ely's he proposed going on to the weekly sale at Whitlow's with a view to purchasing any good thing that might be going cheap. Of experience he knew that Whitlow's sales were worth attending. Indeed, he had selected this particular day for the Birmingham trip that he might be able to attend.

He took a catalogue of that day's sale out of his pocket and began to mark the likely items. One of them happened to be a pearl necklace which reminded him of Miss Parrott. Glancing across the carriage he saw her taking a peep into her bag.

"Still there?" he asked jovially.

"Yes, thank goodness. Oh, I will be glad when I've got it safely to Carson's."

The Birmingham shop she had named was known to Sam. If Carson's were buying the string it ought to be good stuff. They, like Ely's, only handled really expensive goods. He watched Miss Parrott curiously as she pulled a flat morocco case out of her bag.

She caught his glance.

"Like to see it?"

"Ta. I should very much. That is, if you can trust me."

"Oh, I'll trust you all right."

Sam was chuckling inwardly as he reached across the carriage for the case. He was thinking to himself that *he* wouldn't have allowed the Archbishop of Canterbury to handle the Ona diamond if he'd met him by chance in a train. He wouldn't even have told him that he was carrying the Ona diamond. His motto was trust nobody, and he considered that it was to that fact that he owed his unbroken record—touch wood, he added mentally.

But Miss Parrott was an amateur and therefore to be excused. He took the case, which he recognised as one of the type used by Gratton's, and opened it reverently. It disclosed what he had expected—a long string of enormous milky pearls resting on a bed of black velvet.

He took it out, weighed it in his hand and held it up to the light. Then he wetted his forefinger and rubbed one of the pearls. Then there was a long silence. For about the first time in his life Sam was at a loss for words. He sat staring at the string with his mouth open.

Miss Parrott's voice, faintly charged with surprise, cut into his confused thoughts.

"Do you admire it?"

"Very much," Sam said. "As artificial pearls go these are first-class."

"Artificial! What do you mean?"

Her voice was sharp and suspicious. She came swiftly across the carriage and snatched the case from his unresisting hand. Then she repeated the question.

"What d'you mean? It's a genuine string. It's worth at least four thousand pounds, Mr. Gratton told me."

Sam shrugged his shoulders.

"Have it your own way. I say they're cultured Japanese pearls and worth nine pounds at the outside."

"You must be mad! What makes you think that?"

Sam sighed.

"What makes me think I've got ten fingers? Why, I've been handling pearls since I was a nipper. I can tell by the sheen and the feel of the skin; and apart from anything else, there's the clasp. Who'd put a clasp like that on an expensive string?"

The way he spoke seemed to convince Miss Parrott. She took out the string and examined it closely. Then she gasped.

"You're right! This isn't the necklace

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CONTINUING *Touch Wood*

Mr. Gratton gave me. It's been changed."

She was eyeing him now with fierce suspicion. Before Sam could speak she went on:

"It's been changed. You must have done it. Oh, what a fool I was to trust you. Give it back at once or I'll pull the communication cord."

She was actually reaching for the cord, but Sam's massive hand closed on her arm.

"Now sit down, Miss Parrott, and be sensible," he said. "I haven't got that string; it stands to reason I wouldn't have told you the pearls were false if I had. You've been robbed all right, but it wasn't by me."

Miss Parrott had collapsed as if her knees had given way, but to Sam's relief she hadn't fainted. She gave him an apologetic smile.

"I'm sorry. . . . I was so upset. . . . What do you say I ought to do?"

"What we've got to do," said Sam, leaning forward and speaking earnestly, "what we've got to do is to deduce who's got the string and catch him on the platform at Birmingham Central with the goods on him. Now, first and foremost, are you dead certain you had the right necklace in your bag when you got on the train?"

"I'm positive," Miss Parrott said.

"And you weren't standing about at Euston in a ticket queue or anything?"

"No. I had my ticket."

"All right then. It stands to reason you've been robbed on the train. Now, you weren't robbed in this compartment, you weren't robbed in the dining saloon, and you weren't robbed in the corridor coming back after lunch. I know that because I'd got my eye on you. The only time I wasn't with you was when you went to the dining saloon. You went early, you remember, I stayed here. Now, were you standing about in the corridor at all?"

Miss Parrott stared at him.

"Yes, I was. I went too early—we had to wait several minutes before they let us into the dining-saloon. There was quite a crowd in the corridor."

"There you are," Sam said triumphantly. "Now can you remember anyone who stood very close to you?"

Miss Parrott knit her forehead.

"Let me see. . . . Yes, I've a hazy recollection of a youngish man with a pale face. . . . He came out of his compartment as I was passing and followed me. . . ."

Sam slapped his knee. He had suddenly remembered another incident that had happened that morning.

"Had he a red tie with a gold pin in it?

"Yes, I rather think he had."

Again Sam smote his knee.

"Then that's our bird. I saw him peeping at you from the corridor soon after we left Euston. He knew you had the necklace and was shadowing you. He'd the artificial one all ready to change in a similar case. I see his game. He hoped you wouldn't find out you'd been robbed until you got to Carson's. You wouldn't have either but for the chance you showed me the string."

Miss Parrott clasped her hands.

"Oh, if only you're right! But we've no proof. There were other people near me in the corridor. If we accuse him and he's innocent, then the real thief——"

Sam grunted.

"We've got to take a chance. He's the most likely suspect." He glanced through the window to where he could see factories and rows of suburban streets gliding past. "Here, we're almost in Birmingham! We've got to make a plan quick. Once he gets clear of the station we're done."

Already the train was slackening speed. Sam had risen to his feet. He turned excitedly to Miss Parrott.

"Directly she stops you get hold of the first policeman you see. There's always one on duty on the platform. I'll get hold of Mr. Gold Pin and hold him for you. We've got to chance his not having the string."

Over his shoulder he saw her nod and caught her final words.

"Be quick. I'll get the policeman. Good luck."

The train had barely stopped when Sam had wrenched open the door and was out on the platform.

Quick as he was, the pallid-faced man with the gold pin seemed to have been quicker. Sam reached the farther end of the long train without having caught a glimpse of him. Either the thief had stayed on the train, or else he had missed him in the crowd.

Then he saw him on the opposite platform. He was walking quickly in the direction of an exit.

When he had reached the exit there was no sign of his man. For a minute he lost hope. There seemed nothing for it save to go back to Miss Parrott and confess failure.

He was on the point of doing so when he saw the man again, emerging from a tobacconist's shop on the opposite side of the street. Reckless of the traffic, Sam raced across the street. The pallid-faced man saw him coming. Sam waved his hand and shouted.

"Hi! Stop, you!"

The result of his shout showed him for certain he was on the right trail. Instead of stopping the pallid-faced man began to run. Fifty yards down the street Sam saw him dart like a rabbit into a big clothing emporium.

Sam followed. He was just in time to see the commotion caused at the opposite exit by his prey forcing his way through the shoppers. Two old women with heavy baskets had delayed him. He shook himself clear and darted through the door with Sam close on his heels. Almost Sam's clutching hand had fallen on his shoulder.

The street on which they had emerged was a quiet side-street with the pavements comparatively deserted. Here the younger man's superior speed gave him an advantage. He was twenty yards ahead when he reached a little humped bridge crossing a canal.

Sam saw him glance over his shoulder. Again he shouted. Other people had now joined the pursuit. The thief thrust his hand into his overcoat pocket, then Sam saw something like a little silvery snake flash through the air and fall into the stagnant water.

He stopped dead. A policeman came panting up. The pallid-faced man had disappeared in the maze of mean streets beyond the canal, but Sam cared not. With a shaking finger he pointed to the ripple in the water where the necklace had disappeared. His words came in gasps.

"He threw it there. Valuable pearl necklace. Stolen."

The canal was shallow at that point. In little more than twenty minutes a wading policeman with a long stick had recovered what the thief had dropped. He showed it reproachfully to Sam. A pearl necklace of the Woolworth variety, excellent value for sixpence.

But Sam's worst shock was yet to come. On returning to the station he had failed to find Miss Parrott. Thence he had hurried to Ely's jewel store to hand over the Ona diamond.

Mr. Ely stared at him across his desk as if he were a ghost.

"You've come after all. I thought you were ill."

"Ill?" Sam echoed. "What put that in your head?"

"What about this? It came this morning."

Sam snatched at the telegraph form he was extending. His eyes bulged as he read:

"Patton unable travel owing illness. Sending stone as arranged by Miss Parrott. Expect her usual train. Pittsbody."

"Miss Parrott has already called," Mr. Jeeves was saying. "She handed over the Ona diamond all right. She went on from here to the sale at Whitlow's——"

"Had she a red hat?" Sam cried.

"Yes. Why?"

"Man alive, she's a crook. Don't say you gave her a bearer cheque?"

Mr. Jeeves had turned pale.

"I did. I understood she'd to buy stuff at Whitlow's sale, and I tell you she gave me the Ona diamond. Here it is."

He unlocked a drawer in his desk and took out a small morocco case. The diamond inside was an excellent imitation of the Ona diamond. Indeed, when Sam placed the genuine stone beside it, it was difficult to tell them apart.

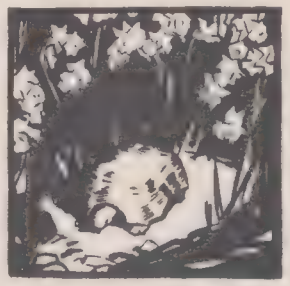
While Mr. Ely tried frantically to telephone his bank and the police simultaneously, Sam dropped into a chair. He saw the plot now. The girl in the red hat and the pallid-faced man had been accomplices. The theft of the supposed pearl necklace had been an elaborate fake designed to keep him out of the way. While he had been chasing the man, the girl had dashed to Ely's store and sold the fake stone, having first disarmed suspicion by a bogus telegram sent from London.

And he'd tried to warn that girl against the cunning of jewel thieves!

Annoyed as he was at having been fooled, Sam had to grin. He had one consoling thought. Mr. Ely, not he, had been the victim. His record was still intact—touch wood!

Country Cameos — *S. L. Bensusan*

Farewell to a Tortoise



ETHELBERTA, the tortoise, who laid three eggs and then disappeared by way of protest against the earlier male name we had given her inadvertently, and the further insult of the introduction of a mate, has never returned.

When spring stirred the woods and daffodils were blowing, the companion was seen by the roots of a broom bush. I picked him up and congratulated him on the return to fine weather and active life. I remarked that he should be housed in the conservatory and given milk until the fine days came, when he would feel free to wander.

But he took no notice, his eyes remained closed, and suddenly I realised that they would never open. He had passed with winter; it may be he had been tempted from his warm bed by a hot day and chilled to death by a night frost. When you have gone for months without food, vitality is at a low ebb; the end comes swiftly.

So, when spring flowers were abloom and the red squirrel had left the elm and had found a companion among the Douglas firs, when guinea hens were hiding their nests and the pheasants were preparing to replenish the wood, Mr. Tortoise, careless of the season, forgetting that death has no proper place in the spring scene, had slipped quietly out of life.

He has been taken back to the place of his winter burial, and will resume his winter sleep, and I shall watch the stalls in the market town until I can find a gentleman to take his place, and a lady who shall be called Ethelberta *II*, and encouraged to become friendly.

I will even pretend that she is as much to me as her predecessor, who hissed in such a pleasant fashion when I picked her up, and sometimes took a slow step in my direction as though she might in time accept me for companion as well as guardian.

I have counted toads, tortoises, hedgehogs, and grass snakes among my friends, but at present all these fields of friendship are bare. Even the toad I picked up on the high road the other night, and carried a mile to the garden for safety, disappeared without delay. These are the tears of things.

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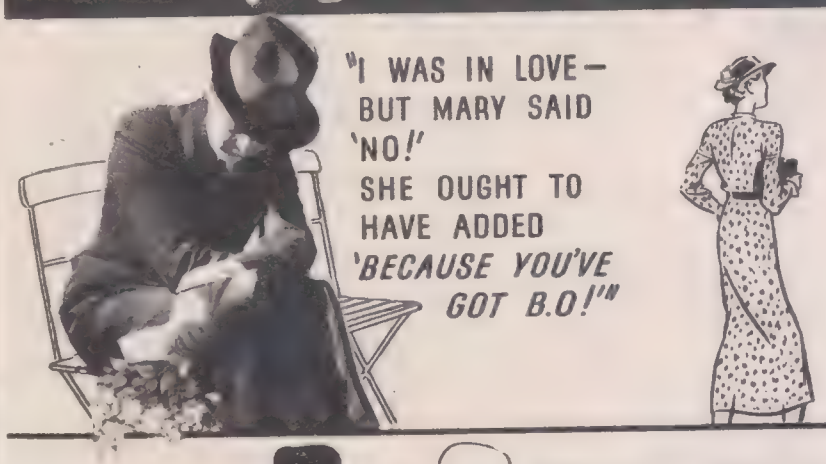

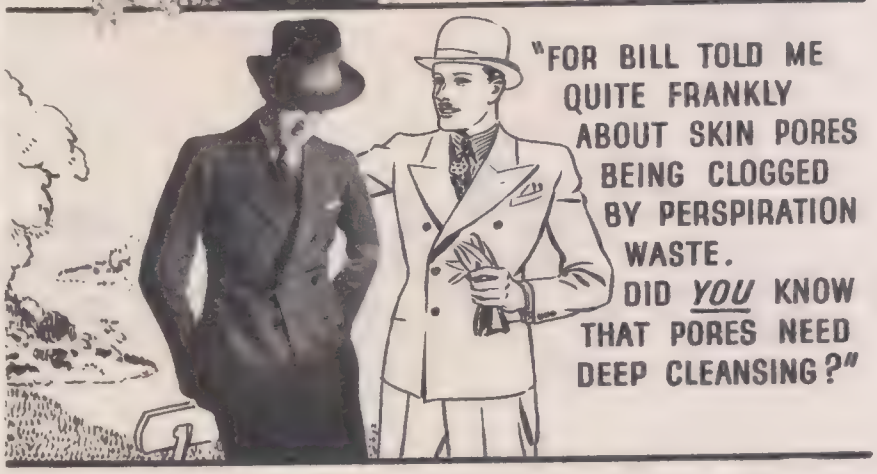

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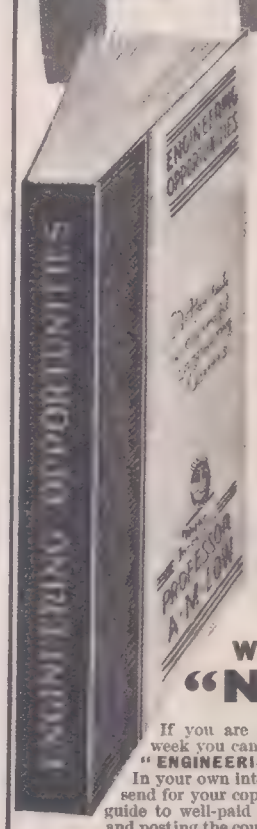

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WOMAN to WOMAN

by D. M. B. Collier

"MADAM! There are high explosives in your new hat." This is not the opening to a new gangster "thriller"; merely the result of discovering that although milliners design hats, chemists supply the materials. In fact, the laboratory is responsible for so much this year that we may be asking whether chemically produced millinery has reached its zenith.

Not only are women ignorant of the ingredients that go to the making of many new materials, but also the salesmen and women seldom know what dangerous words they are using when they talk glibly about cellophane, cellulose, erinoid, lactoid, galalitte and so on. Artificial silk is often called the discovery of the age, but the discovery of cellulose acetate goes even further than material for clothes, for it is the governing factor of nearly all millinery.

Crinoline, beloved by our grandmothers, is the most popular millinery material this year, but it is no longer a horse-hair product. Its brilliant sheen betrays its cellulose origin. In many cases crinoline has a striped effect obtained by the addition of narrow cellophane ribbon at regular intervals.

Made up into an "Ascot" model the creation is completed by a bow of ciré ribbon, to which the chemist has been devoting hours of research. Formerly this ribbon was given its shiny surface by coating it with cellulose acetate after it had been woven. But the "differentiation" between the surface and the material itself caused "cracking," so now threads are coated before they are woven preventing surface cracking.

This treatment is used now for all kinds of ribbon and straw, giving the latter such a brilliant finish that black ciré straw looks like highly polished jet.

The enthusiasm for sheen accounts for the attempt to popularise glass-brimmed hats. Actually the so-called glass is cellophane, a material that must not be confused with cellulose; it is, however, stiff and crackly and for this reason is not making great headway disguised as glass. One firm has experimented with strands of it plaited into straw; the result is a hat that sparkles like crystal and is delightfully light both in weight and appearance. These hats are trimmed with erinoid hand-painted fish scales and chemically treated rice husks.

Cellulose is really wood pulp that is, treated with a preparation of acetic acid, producing cellulose acetate. Squeezed through fine nozzles under extremely high pressure it produces artificial silk, and dissolved into a solution, it can be used for coating a hundred and one materials from straw to finger-nails. When dry, this solution forms a thin glossy film that is impervious to damp or heat. It can be used either plain or coloured, and it completes nearly every hat to-day whether it happens to cost shillings or guineas.

There is, however, another chemical method of treating cellulose; use nitric instead of acetic acid, and the finished product is nitro-cellulose. Actually it is a matter of degree not difference of material that produces either nitro-cellulose or gun cotton. A slight difference of manufacture and your new hat would have been highly explosive.

If you want to know whether your hat is finished with nitro-cellulose or cellulose acetate, you can tell from the smell, the latter production having the well-known pear-drop scent, familiar in most of our nail varnishes.

Then there is cellophane. This is really the trade name of an article that is likely to become much more widely used. When cellophane was first used as transparent paper, for wrapping cakes and

Your Dog's Real Pedigree

Maybe he isn't quite what is known as a pedigree dog. Maybe he's a mixture—even a mystery. . . .

But in your dog's ancestry there is nevertheless an amazing story; the story of how his race evolved from the wild originals into the faithful domesticated friends of to-day.

It is all told simply and excitingly by John Hargreaves in the July issue of "Zoo," the National Nature Magazine, on sale Wednesday, July 1, price 6d.

Other articles and features also appeal directly to pet lovers, and there are animal stories and many pages of wonderful pictures of wild animals.

● Once upon a time cellophane was used for wrapping cakes and sweets; now it is a dress material.

Dressed from a TEST TUBE

sweets, even manufacturers scarcely foresaw the day when an entire chorus in a film would have dresses made of it, or that it would become a popular medium for millinery. Actually, it is specially prepared celluloid, transparent because it is so thin, and impregnated with chemicals to prevent its bursting into flame. Actually it disintegrates slowly when fired.

One of this season's products is a straw that is not straw at all but cellophane woven over horse-hair. This product, unlike the "glass" brims, is soft and flexible, and has been introduced by Derek Skeffington, a young hat designer and maker, who makes a speciality of introducing new materials. He recently introduced spun glass as a hat trimming, but admitted that it was very frail.

"English women," he said, "do not really like comical hats, and although I have devised amusing hats trimmed with sponges and other queer things, the mass of women prefer lovely colours and soft materials. Sack cloth for sports hats, turkish towelling and gingham are all favourites.

"Chemists have produced lovely new colours—storm grey, dawn pink and the beautiful range of petunia and begonia shades that are to be employed for all kinds of millinery for the first time this year.

"Sometimes," he added, "new materials have to be greatly improved on before they are practical for millinery work. I have some straw chemically finished with a metallic preparation that makes the hat look like copper or bronze. So far it is too hard in texture, but the chemists will soon make it easy to mould."

One swallow does not make a summer, nor does one piece of cellophane or cellulose make a hat. There are "finishes" and trimmings to be considered. Little berets of chenille and raffia are being given a cellulose finish that resembles mother-o'-pearl.

Bowlers and bonnets have buckles of crinkled toile ciré or oilcloth. Gold and silver leaf kid can be used as a hat trimming because chemists have found out how to make the metal paint adhesive yet maintain the softness of the material. Silks are treated with varnish; and wood and sealing wax are used with macramé made from artificial silk thread.

Erinoid is the newest material for clips and buckles employed in millinery. It is a plastic resin that can be dyed in every shade and can be clear, opaque or clouded.

Erinoid can also be given a matt finish. Because the actual hats are so bright, trimmings often have to be dull so the chemists have been busy with metals and produced satin gilt and satin silver; also pink and blue tinted silver.

Aluminium is the base for this because aluminium is the only metal that will absorb dye, but, having been dyed, it cannot be made bright, hence the "satin" or oxydised finish.

All forms of chromium plating and oxydising play their part as well as bakelite (which roughly speaking is made from phenol, carbolic acid and formaldehyde).

As a change from explosives, some women carry dairy produce on their heads in the form of curds and whey, which is what lactoid is. This solidified milk looks like exquisite ivory, and can be moulded in imitation of fine carving. Artificial horn is of course lactoid resin.

Prystal is a new imitation crystal that can be made to look like finely engraved glass by another chemical process.

The daintiest shell flowers are made by coating thin celluloid with cellulose acetate; and cork, nut-shells, and wood can all be inlaid with erinoid. Coconut, hardest of shells, can be cut by chemical process into most attractive buckles and buttons so you can wear these nuts on your head without any fear of being mistaken for a coconut shy.

In brief the chemists have produced woman's finest tonic—a new hat. . . .

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SOCIAL GOSSIP, HINTS, TIPS *and* USEFUL THINGS TO KNOW

LONDON NIGHT LIFE : HOW TO CLEAN HANDBAGS : A STORY OF A DEVOTED COUPLE

by MOLLY MONTAGUE

BELIEVE it or not, but children are in fashion again now! What a difference from the middle 1920's when the Mayfair smart set thought marriage was primarily a way of changing one's name! There have been many innovations in society lately. Large cocktail parties have gone out, and very smart film first nights have come in. The country-house dance, so familiar in Edwardian times, has returned, and the most sophisticated of all entertainments has appeared; this consists of dining at tables in a theatre while a startling cabaret show is performed. All the rage on Broadway, this innovation to our night life is now to be found at the London Casino—the old Prince Edward Theatre.

And in the mornings Kensington Gardens presents a frolicsome sight with the fair and curly-headed children of our aristocracy playing about the Peter Pan statue and the Round Pond.

Freshen Up Your Handbags

Now here's something I must tell you about handbags. You know how a shabby handbag makes even the most stylishly dressed woman look—well, dowdy? Then always make sure that your handbag is bright and clean by following these hints for "freshening it up." Begin with the inside. Give the lining a good brushing, mend it where necessary, and finally scrub with a nail brush dipped in spirit cleaner, and allow to dry in the open air. When this is successfully accomplished turn to the outside. If your handbag is of leather follow this procedure. Make a mixture of soapy water, a cupful of spirits of wine, and a cupful of linseed oil. Use a soft cloth to apply this to the leather. This mixture removes dirt and grease, while a polish over with furniture cream will ensure an excellent finish. For white leather bags, however, it is necessary to make a paste of benzine and bran, and to press it down over the leather. After this has dried brush it off gently, but be sure to do this brushing right away from naked lights and if possible in the open air.

Your beaded evening bag can be nicely cleaned by rubbing it carefully with breadcrumbs! To propel the breadcrumbs out again, pat the bag with your hands.

A Devoted Couple

I began this little chat by talking about children. Let me conclude it by talking about love. (Did I hear someone whisper that the sequence is wrong? No matter—we're all interested in love and children anyway.) This story of devotion concerns a young friend of mine who was happily married to a charming young wife.

Some few years ago his wife became troubled with Rheumatism, which, in spite of various treatments, steadily grew worse. Visits to expensive spas followed, and all manner of ways of obtaining relief were tried unstintingly. So much so, that this young couple's income was considerably reduced. Beside this, the wife's condition, instead of improving, grew worse, and gradually developed into a chronic stage of Rheumatoid Arthritis. What a blight had descended upon that so happy home! Although doctors and specialists strove hard, the heroic little woman who had borne her harrowing burden with such fortitude could obtain no alleviation even from their expert administrations.

My friends, however, remained undaunted, and continued to try everything that held out hope of relief. Then a chance acquaintance recommended a simple form of treatment that had many remarkable cases to its merit. With fresh hope the young couple applied for a sample and a booklet describing the treatment, although it seemed that the simple little gelatine capsules which were contained in the sample could not possibly bring about results when all other forms of treatment had failed.

Success!

However, "as a drowning man clutches at a floating straw," the young wife, in desperation, commenced the treatment. After the first dose she was feeling better. In a fortnight there was a marked improvement in her condition. Within two months all sign of the supposed "incurable" complaint had entirely disappeared! Thus were the young husband's increasing financial sacrifices rewarded!

Seeing the remarkable results obtained, I was tempted to ask more about the treatment and have recommended it personally to many friends who have themselves obtained benefit. The treatment is marketed under the name of "Curicones," and has been available now for over 20 years. It has earned the praise of many eminent medical men, including Harley Street specialists, who have pronounced the capsules to be of inestimable value in the treatment of Rheumatic and Arthritic disorders.

My Gift for the week is a remedy for Rheumatism, one of the most prevalent of modern ills.

Chance to Play the Good Samaritan

Now if you yourself suffer from a Rheumatic or Arthritic ill, or have a friend so afflicted, make use of my shopping coupon which I give below. Without delay, fill it in clearly with your name and address or the name and address of your friend and send it to me as directed on the coupon. Then I will arrange that you receive, free of all charge and post free, a wonderful trial supply of "Curicones." I will also arrange that this generous gift shall be accompanied by a splendid little booklet explaining the cause of Rheumatic and Arthritic troubles. Act now, and bring relief, if not to yourself at least to your friend.

If you don't seal the envelope, a halfpenny stamp is enough for the coupon. Good-bye for the present.

MOLLY MONTAGUE

To Molly Montague,
P.S.4 Dept.,
19 Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Please send free of charge the "Curicones" sample you offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Read this letter: See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," *writes Miss D. Bell. "I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued.* **Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful Thick Growth developed free from Dandruff.** *Also my hair, which was growing grey, resumed its natural colour."*

Never before have you used anything like Kotalko. It frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all poisonous and malodorous pore cloggings; softens the hardening scalp and restores its healthful circulation. **Kotalko** Nourishes and Feeds the Hair Organism, reviving **new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots. Whether your hair is thin, or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—they are wonderful.**

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or quite bald, write

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO. Cleanse and soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP —the Tonic Shampoo.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9 Percy St. (84.DV), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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Why put up with this distressing malady summer after summer? Hay Fever is a serious business and must be instantly checked if life is to be worth living.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE gives INSTANT RELIEF. It relieves the swollen membranes and keeps the passages free. It is not a mere palliative, it does give *definite relief* and wards off future attacks

Supplied by all chemists in full sized tins at 1/6 or direct from the makers post free 1/9.

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INSTANT RELIEF
in cases of
ASTHMA
CATARRH
COUGHING
WHOOPING
COUGH etc.

Send to-day for free Booklet: "Are you Asthmatic?" explaining all about* POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE *and the good work it does.

POTTER & CLARKE, LTD.,
61X, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

Continuing The Legacy Murders

"I need not," Mr. Thoroughgood continued, "detain you for very long. The facts are simple. Vera Brown—I use the legal name—added to her will some eighteen months ago a codicil, and it is the codicil that affects you all.

"She explained to me at the time that she highly appreciated her election to your Society and that, having no heirs or dependants by whom she wished to be remembered, except her companion and relative Lavinia Brown, she desired to create for herself in the event of her death a memory and what she hoped would be a continuing influence among you.

"It is not for me," pursued Mr. Thoroughgood, "to criticise the motives or conduct of my late client, but I cannot help thinking that the somewhat unusual bequests which I am about to read will seem to you who are sitting here this afternoon even less appropriate, in view of what has since occurred, than they did to me when my client insisted in making this exceptional disposition of her property.

"In view of the unusual character of the bequests and the unusual circumstances attending them I have inquired from the only other beneficiary of the will, Miss Lavinia Brown, whether she wishes to contest the codicil. She has replied in the negative.

"As you are aware, the deceased left behind her a letter, a very tragic letter, from which it must be inferred that, in a spirit of Christian charity, she wished her original intentions to stand in spite of what had subsequently happened. That, in any case, is how Miss Lavinia Brown interprets the feelings of the deceased, and she insists that they shall be respected.

"As legal adviser to my late client I can only infer that Miss Lavinia Brown is right in her assumption. Vera Brown, who intended to kill herself on the night of May 23rd and who, as we know, was brutally murdered before she was able to execute that decision, had time and opportunity to revoke the codicil. She did not do so and we must assume that she wished it to be executed."

Naomi was sitting rigid in her chair, her handkerchief crumpled into a ball in her right hand.

"I come to the codicil itself. It is in the handwriting of the deceased and was of her own composition. My late client consulted me merely in order to be sure that she had clearly and correctly conveyed her intention.

"Codicil dated this Eighteenth Day of February Nineteen Hundred and Thirty.

"I hereby revoke all previous legacies and provisions heretofore set out in this my last will and testament with the exception of those relating to the beneficiary, Lavinia Brown, who is to enjoy all the benefits which I have willed her to possess.

"Subject to this express reservation I hereby direct as follows:

"1. I desire that a sufficient sum from the residue of my estate, after making provision for the aforesaid legacies to Lavinia Brown, shall be set aside with the object of providing an income of two hundred pounds per annum free of income tax to each of the six following persons at present describing themselves as the esoterics, otherwise members of the Committee of the Highwood Garden Suburb Literary Society:

Councillor Joshua Stanton, 14 Jordan's Drive, Highwood.
Edward Calcott, 255 High Street, Highwood.
Frederick Reeves, 9 Creswell Crescent, Highwood.
Adelaide Tring, The Old Hut, Myrtle Grove, Highwood.
Naomi Garnett, The Rosary, Marston Place, Highwood.
Cyril Sidebotham, Priory Mansions, Highwood.

"2. The aforesaid sum shall be paid over subject to the following conditions:

"(*a*) The beneficiaries shall receive the said income only so long as he or she shall remain a member of the Committee of the Highwood Garden Suburb Literary Society.

"(*b*) In the event of any one of these six persons resigning or failing to pay his or her subscription to the Highwood Garden Suburb Literary Society within one month after being called upon to do so, he or she shall forfeit all claim to the legacy and the principal securing the income of the resigning or defaulting member shall be divided in equal shares among the remainder.

"(*c*) This provision also holds good in the event of the death of any one of the six beneficiaries.

"(*d*) When all the beneficiaries have died or have forfeited their legacies under the terms of paragraph 2 (*b*) above, the residue, if any, shall form part of my general estate, the disposal of which is governed by the first two paragraphs of this my will and testament.

"3. The payment of these legacies is to be made quarterly by Mr. John Thoroughgood, of Messrs. Dutton and Thoroughgood, whom I hereby appoint my trustee.

"(Signed) VERA BROWN.

"Witnesses: Cyril Garnett,
Ada Smith."

The lawyer laid down the paper.

"I hope that is clear," he said.

There was a long silence. As Adelaide Tring said afterwards, there were situations with which the human brain was unable to cope immediately and this was one of them.

"Would you mind explaining exactly what this means?"

It was Freddy Reeves speaking and he spoke for them all.

"The matter is really quite simple," answered Mr. Thoroughgood. "You each of you get £200 a year as long as you belong to the inner circle—if I may call it such—of the Highwood Garden Suburb Literary Society. If any one of you resigns or dies, the capitalised value of his or her share of the legacy is to be divided equally among the rest. In other words, madam"—Adelaide Tring winced as he turned upon her suddenly—"if you were to leave the Society or to die, the sum of approximately £5,000, which represents, roughly speaking, the capital of the annuity that you are to receive under the terms of this will, would be divided among the remaining legatees here present. Have I made myself clear?"

Once more there was silence. It was broken by Councillor Stanton, who cleared his throat impressively.

"We are, I take it, free to accept or reject this legacy?"

"Of course," said Mr. Thoroughgood.

Adelaide Tring looked at her fellow legatees. Freddy Reeves, she noted, was looking rather more cheerful, but of course the young rip needed money. Naomi was nervously twisting her handkerchief in the palm of her hand. Edward Calcott, staring straight ahead of him, looked ambiguous. Councillor Stanton did not seem to know whether to be angry or merely puzzled, while Cyril Sidebotham seemed scared by the strange situation in which he found himself.

Mr. Thoroughgood cleared his throat. There was a scraping of chairs.

"I imagine it will be convenient," said the lawyer briskly, "if I pay the legacies quarterly in advance. That means you will all receive a first payment at the end of this month."

"It isn't possible to have the capital, I suppose?"

Everyone turned and looked hard at Freddy Reeves.

The lawyer shook his head.

"You heard the terms of the will," he said coldly. "Such a thing is quite out of the question."

Councillor Stanton looked indignantly at Freddy Reeves.

"I think I speak for you all," he said looking fiercely round the group, "if I say that any method of payment Mr. Thoroughgood suggests will be acceptable, provided, of course"—he turned to the lawyer—"we accede to the wishes of your late client and agree to take these legacies."

Mr. Thoroughgood nodded.

"Perhaps you will each let me know as soon as possible one way or the other. Send me an intimation in writing, please, not later than the end of the week."

A quarter of an hour later the six legatees were seated about a table in an A.B.C. teashop in the Strand.

"A confoundedly unpleasant business," said Councillor Stanton. "To take this money puts us in a very disagreeable position."

"Coals of fire," said Edward Calcott. "That was why the codicil was not revoked. To make us feel ashamed of ourselves. Good people forgive their enemies because they know that their enemies won't like it. I understand now why the early Christians were so unpopular."

Adelaide Tring looked with approval at Calcott.

"Edward is right," she said, "though, as usual, he talks too much."

Her thin face took on an air of resolution.

"So far as I am concerned," she said, "the formula doesn't work. I'm not ashamed of myself and I shall have no hesitation in accepting the money. Two hundred pounds a year will suit me very well."

"Me, too," said Freddy Reeves.

"What does Cyril say?" demanded Adelaide Tring.

Cyril Sidebotham, who still wore the look of a man who had not yet recovered from a heavy blow, frowned unhappily.

"I don't like it," he said. "I can't exactly put what I feel into words, but it is far from pleasant."

"Nonsense," said Adelaide Tring.

She turned to Calcott.

"Shall you take the money, Edward?"

"Of course I shall take the money and, if it's any comfort to you, I will tell you what our benefactress said to me in the last conversation we had together."

Everyone turned and looked at him with interest.

"She said that, on receiving a large cheque from her publishers, she thought of all the neglected men and women of genius who had died unrewarded and unrecognised. She said that she regarded herself as accepting what came to her as a trustee for the unsuccessful members of her profession."

"Talking for effect," said Adelaide Tring.

"I am well aware of that," said Calcott. "But I shall take her at her word."

Councillor Stanton was still shaking his head at intervals.

"I shall have to consider my position," he said. "I shall have to consider it very carefully. Suppose this thing were to get into the Press."

"Of course it will get into the Press," said Calcott. "It's too good a story to be overlooked and anybody can inspect a will at Somerset House for half a crown. Refusing the legacy won't help you, Stanton. Your refusal would be interpreted as a confession that you were, as she hoped you would be, ashamed of yourself."

"I never thought of that," said Councillor Stanton.

"There's nothing for it but to stand together," Calcott continued. "What do you say, Naomi?"

Naomi, white and miserable, looked round at them all.

"Oh, I wish I knew what to do," she said and suddenly burst into tears.

NEXT WEEK:

Lavinia Brown Creates a Sensation

Passing Shots

"If each one of us spent an hour per day at a masseur's," says a health writer, "it would be a good thing for our physiques." It would also be a good thing for our masseurs.

◆ ◆ ◆

A man confessed in court that he earned his living by being a casual sparring-partner at various fencing schools. A sort of odd-jab man.

◆ ◆ ◆

We read that American kidnappers who took their victim to a river island informed his relatives secretly where a boat would be hidden. Thus making it easier for them to come across, we suppose!

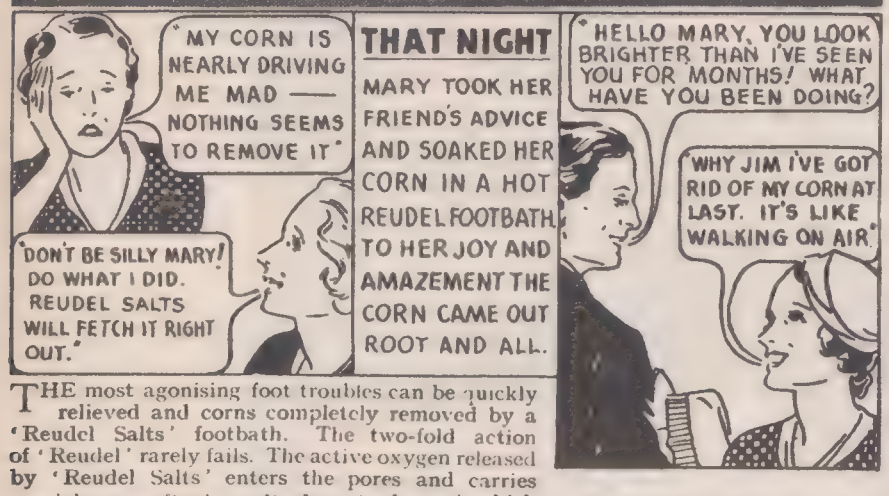
◆ ◆ ◆

A doctor states that counting from one to one hundred is soothing for the nerves. Especially if the counting is done with pound notes!

◆ ◆ ◆

A London income-tax collector, we read, is retiring after forty years' service. Unfortunately, a successor is being appointed.

OH! My Poor Feet



THE most agonising foot troubles can be quickly relieved and corns completely removed by a 'Reudel Salts' footbath. The two-fold action of 'Reudel' rarely fails. The active oxygen released by 'Reudel Salts' enters the pores and carries special corn-softening salts down to the root, which is soon loosened so that it comes right out. Thousands have proved this the quickest, surest way of ending corns.

A DOCTOR SAYS: "I've found a very good thing in 'Reudel Bath Salts' . . . I believe it does all it claims. I would not be without it." J.———— O.B.E., M.D.

VERY IMPORTANT NOTICE

If quick relief from corns and foot troubles is desired, on no account must 'Reudel Bath Salts' be confused with bath salts which lack curative action. Ask plainly for 'ROO-DEL' and see you get the *YELLOW* packet.

REUDEL BATH Salts

Pronounced 'ROO-DEL'

Sold only in YELLOW Packets

Absolutely unequalled for ALL FOOT TROUBLES

1/6 • 2/6

Larger size contains double quantity.

Mid-day Saturday

You're free for the week-end . . . a good dinner, a chair in the garden and a fragrant cigar to smoke. But that real cigar fragrance needn't cost you much if you buy Wills's Whiffs.

WILLS'S WHIFFS

HAVANA FLAVOUR AT REASONABLE PRICES

3 for 6d. 6 for 1/- 12 for 2/-

WW22

Where did Samson keep his STRENGTH?

THE mystery of the ages explained at last! Read for the first time the story of life and strength. In your body lying dormant are great reserves of power, strength and virility! What was the secret of Samson's strength? What gives the gorilla the power of 10 men? Send for this amazing book, crammed from cover to cover with sensational facts and amazing photographs. It's yours FREE if you send the coupon NOW!

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NOW for the first time you can read the TRUTH about man! The most sensational book ever published in this country is offered to you free! The book will amaze you with its facts—startle you with its possibilities. You don't know you're alive until you get this book in your own hands. Do you know what gives wild beasts their great strength? It will answer many questions you have hardly dared to ask yourself, and you can get a copy FREE—if you hurry. Fill in the coupon NOW, this minute, and post it TO-DAY!

WHAT THIS AMAZING BOOK TELLS YOU

- How to Add Inches to Your Chest.
- How to Strengthen Your Back.
- How to Treble Your Strength.
- How to Get Strong Nerves.
- How to Get Great Strength.
- How to Develop a Muscular Body.
- How to Cultivate Personality.
- How to be Successful.
- How to Attract Friends.
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WHAT IS THE STORY OF LIFE?

Here are sensational photographs of man as he was, as he is, and as he will be! Nothing is held back—in this book you will read and see the TRUTH. Send the coupon NOW and see for yourself this amazing book—but send TO-DAY!

POST THE COUPON TO-DAY

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THIS book is the outcome of the requests of hundreds of men. In it is the truth about manhood. It proves to the reader that deep down in every man's heart is a desire to be strong, to be well-developed, to be admired. Women want he-men, they always have and they always will. This remarkable book will tell you how to quickly transform your body, how to add inches to your chest, broaden your shoulders, develop powerful arms, legs, neck and back. Between its covers is the story of how this truly amazing concentrated system of muscular development was discovered. You can put these principles to work at once and quickly change your body.

ALFRED J. BRITON,
(Desk A17)
8, Broadway, London, W.6.

These Men Sent For This FREE Book!

CAN NOW BREAK HORSESHOES!

"I've gained super-strength. I can bend a horseshoe, and break it in my hands, tear packs of cards, bend an iron bar in my teeth and around my neck. My weight is 11 stone odd. My chest normal is close on 42 inches, biceps 15 inches, forearms 12¼ inches, and my other parts in proportion."—W. M. I. B.

"Your Excelding System has done for me all you claimed it would."—A. MARSH, S.

DON'T KNOW HOW TO EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE.

"I don't think you have a more thankful and satisfied pupil than I am. In fact, I am that satisfied I don't know how to express my gratitude. I am lost for words good enough to praise your wonderful course. No man should be without it, at least no man would be without it if he had it a few days. It is marvellous."
—D. H. MOREHEAD, D.

GAINED 7 INCHES AROUND THE CHEST!

"Before I started the course my chest normal was 27 inches, but now it is 34 inches and 36 expanded; truly a marvellous difference."
J. MILNER, C.

HAD FOLLOWED OTHER COURSES—BUT FAILED!

"I think, Mr. Briton, that your course is absolutely one of the best. I have faithfully carried out your instructions to the best of my ability, and I have received wonderful results."
R. J. F. FOSTER, C.V.

PUT ON 5 INCHES ON CHEST!

"I have put on 5 inches around the chest and 1 inch on the upper arms. I am very fit and well also, and thank you for the interest taken in me.—F. WOOD, W.-

IT'S FREE! — POST NOW!

ALFRED J. BRITON (Desk A17),
8, BROADWAY, LONDON, W.6.

Name .....

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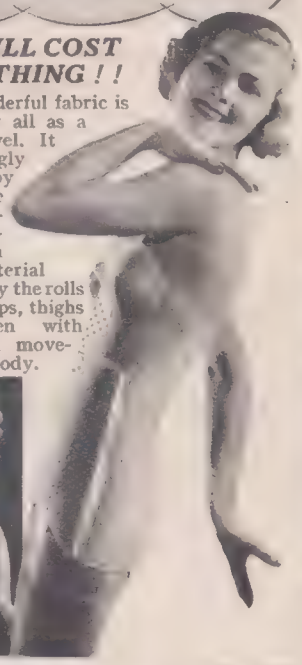
REDUCE

YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS!

OR IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING!!

My new wonderful fabric is acclaimed by all as a positive marvel. It controls the ugly bulges and by acting on the tissues by continuous balanced tension this new material massages away the rolls of fat from hips, thighs and abdomen with every natural movement of the body.



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TEST "ROYDÔLEX" FREE

It is worn just like an **ordinary** corset. The first time you wear it you will be amazed at the improvement and comfort. "ROYDÔLEX" is lined on the inner side with a delightfully soft fabric so that no rubber touches the flesh. The vacuum perforations just MAKE the skin breathe and ensure the utmost comfort. **A few days is enough to prove that it will give you back your youthful contour or your money refunded with postage.**

NO DIETING—which lowers your vitality. NO DRUGS, which can be dangerous, and NO wearying EXERCISES. Take advantage of my 10-day trial offer to prove that my new principle of health Corsetry definitely, quickly and without the slightest risk OXYGENISES FATTY TISSUES and miraculously MASSAGES AWAY UNSIGHTLY FAT. SEND COUPON OR CALL AT MY SHOWROOMS.

Supplied in side or front fastening, laced back, and step-in models for every figure requirement.

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Dr. Ruth Roydon Corset Co. (Dept. 34/1), 54 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

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Pin 1½d. Stamp Here

Two of the famous

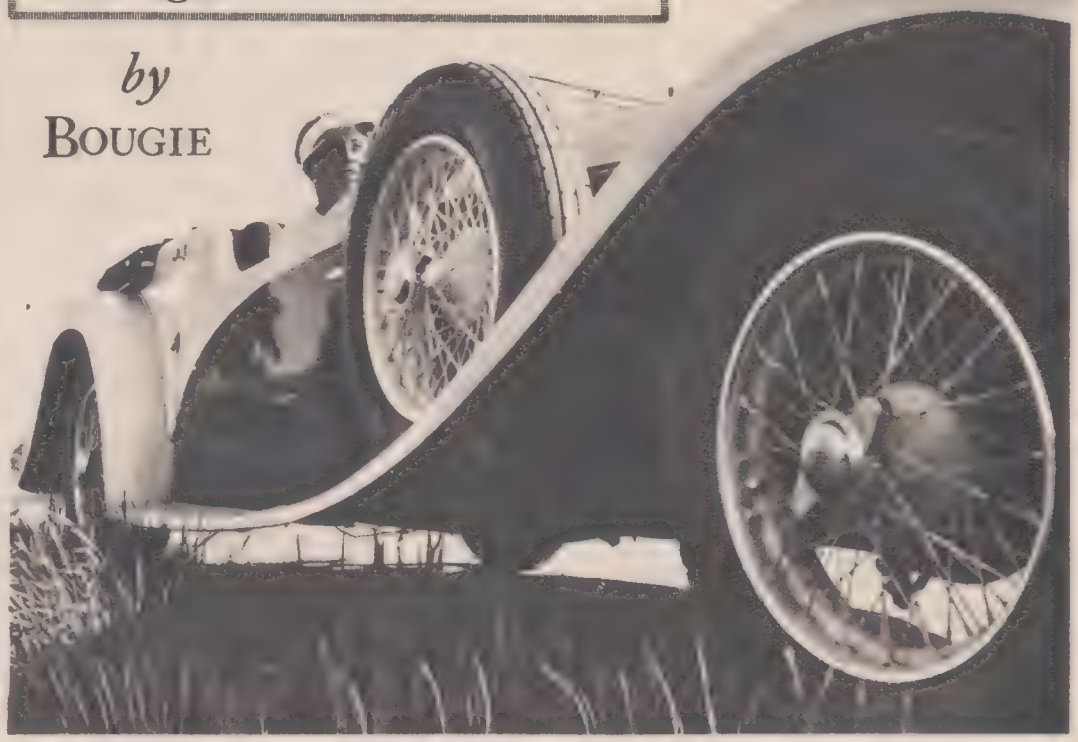
"4711" BEAUTY AIDS

"4711" EAU DE COLOGNE CREAM TOILET SOAP *per tablet 8d; 2/- box of three.*
"4711" TALCUM POWDER. *Tins with sprinkler top, 1/3. Extra large size, 2/6*
(Prices apply in Gt. Britain & N. Ireland only.)

Gar. BA.7a "4711", SLOUGH, BUCKS.

Through the Windscreen—I

by BOUGIE



● In the heart of the modern motor-car several minor miracles are worked at anything up to a hundred times a second.

Cars WITH A Kick

UNLIKE the human machine, motor-cars grow less temperamental as their organism becomes more complex. The "horseless carriage" of days gone by was, comparatively, a simple affair. Its anatomy was revealed with a lack of reticence unbecoming in that decorous age, but, modesty or good taste apart, the négligée attire of those whimsical old cars made for accessibility.

This was all to the good. Temperamental as prima donnas, they had constantly to be humoured and wooed into doing their simple stuff. You cannot humour, let alone woo, a machine that is virtually invisible, accessible only to the most dexterous.

Pioneers had to be ready at any moment to get out and get under. They had to know enough to diagnose the trouble, and to be handy enough to put it right. The alternative was to come home behind a cart horse, to the jeering of a hostile populace.

Nowadays, you may become an expert driver, cover your twenty or thirty thousand miles a year, and never so much as open the bonnet. Technicalities do not really interest the bulk of motorists.

Yet horse power remains an item of technical data that intimately concerns every car-owner. Tax is levied on rated horse power, which is also a factor in the assessment of insurance; and horse power obviously governs the performance and fuel consumption of a car—but this is horse power available.

Rated horse power and horse power available are distant cousins. Their relationship grows more remote each year.

As they both touch our pockets, they are worth investigating. There is more than you would think in the term "horse power," when applied to a motor-car.

Some of us use "Sevens." Most of us use "Eights" and "Tens." "Twelves" come next in popularity, and after them, "Fourteens." "Sixteens" are increasing, and "Twenties" dwindling. But a surprising number of people go about in "Thirties" and still remain solvent, as far as one can tell.

These are the figures we have to audit, and they refer to rated horse power. "Sevens" open the account, with an apparently tall story.

One of our great manufacturers is in travail at this moment with an infant car with an engine developing well over a hundred horse power.

Even though its rated horse power is seven, it is, admittedly, a racing car, which shows emphatically what happens when an obsolete formula is applied to modern design. The Treasury rating is based upon a formula which, a generation ago, gave a reasonable estimate of the power output of the engines of that day.

The petrol engine is a heat engine. Burning fuel, it generates heat and converts heat energy into mechanical energy. It is an internal combustion engine: the fuel is burned where the conversion of heat into mechanical energy takes place.

This place inside a petrol engine, the combustion chamber, is obviously a vital spot. Its shape, its size, and the manner of its filling and emptying can make or mar the performance of an engine. These features have been the subject of intensive and continuous research by the keenest brains in automobile engineering.

Outwardly and visibly there is nothing to indicate the gradual changes that have taken place, but the results are evident. Engines that once would have been regarded as the merest toys are now propelling whole families about at speeds up to a mile a minute, or more if required.

A car engine contains four, six, eight, and occasionally twelve combustion chambers, or cylinder heads. Among them, several minor miracles are worked at anything up to a hundred times a second at high engine speeds. A charge of air, travelling at the muzzle velocity of a rifle bullet and mixed with petrol vapour, is admitted into the engine in a hundredth part of a second. The valve that admits it is shut, bottling it up. In another hundredth of a second this petrol-laden air is compressed into a small fraction of its original volume and set alight at the chosen instant of time.

The burning charge forcibly seeks expansion. Its inherent potentiality for expansion is enormous. A great deal of this cannot be used. Not only would lubrication be impossible, but also the destructive temperatures involved would result in the fusion of metals. But the advance of metallurgy, and improvements in lubricating systems have gradually raised the practicable working temperatures, reducing heat energy that has to be dissipated by radiation into the atmosphere.

Engine designers have been learning all the time to make better use of what is left. The horse power available from an engine of any given capacity has been increased to at least three times the rated figure. That is a minimum.

You may go into the market and buy a perfectly good car, competently designed for its purpose, with an engine rated at about 20 horse power. The horse power available will be something to the order of seventy.

Good fellow that you are, but human nature being what it is, you will regard your neighbour's "Sixteen" with a certain complacency. A nice little car, as far as it goes. A low, rakish-looking thing. All right, if you like that type of car.

On a week-end run, you notice the car that is ahead of you. You are on the road to Basingstoke. That back view seems familiar, and closing up a bit you make sure of the number. It is your neighbour in his "Sixteen."

Smiling, you put your foot down. The speedometer creeps round—sixty—sixty-five—seventy. You are on his tail now, breasting the foot of an easy rise toward the Hartford Bridge flats. His exhaust note tells you he is "giving her the gun."

The speedometer drops back a little—sixty-five—sixty-two. The mellow drone ahead jumps an octave. The blighter has changed down. No good your doing that; can't do more than this in third. Topping the rise, a furlong ahead, his exhaust note rises to a strident tenor.

On the flat, foot hard down to the floorboards, you go snarling after him—seventy-five. But he is well away. You don't see him again until you are both crawling sedately through the next village.

This wants looking into. This "Sixteen" of his, they tell you, is good for 90 horse power. All out, he can give you 15 miles an hour, or more, and you are paying £15 a year in tax against his £12.

You find that he has paid something like £200 more than you did for his car. Speed, beyond a certain point, is a most expensive luxury. Comfort, space, weight, carrying capacity, and ample head room are the luxuries you bought.

Other things being equal, six-cylinders have their advantages, especially as the engine size increases, but a good six costs more than a good four, yet is not necessarily more efficient all round.

It costs more to buy a six-cylinder car, and as an example of the lopsided incidence of the official formula, the tax automatically penalises the multiplication of cylinders. A British manufacturer markets, among other models, two cars of virtually equal engine capacity. One has four cylinders, the other has six. Both are of the same high quality, and the horse power available from each engine is as nearly the same as makes no matter. If anything, the four is capable of slightly the higher figure.

Yet the four-cylinder engine is rated at "Twelve" horse power, while the six-cylinder works out at "Fourteen." Were there an eight-cylinder of similar characteristics and equal capacity, it would be rated at "Fifteen" and a bit.

So that if you object, on principle, to subscribing any more than you can help, to the raids on the Road Fund, stick to four cylinders. But as long as rated horse power remains the basis of taxation, let us cling to the old formula with all its quaint conceits.

Write to us if you are having any trouble with your car. "The Passing Show" Free Advice Service solves all motoring problems. Address it to Martlett House, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose stamped envelope.

'kantabs'

Lazing on the river, cycling through the town, eating, working or simply lounging—Varsity men go everywhere in flannels. Kantabs—tailored to perfection—fitted with a simple self-supporting patent waistband for perfect comfort and security—are designed for Varsity life. They stand up to all the knocks you like to give them—yet still keep their shape and splendid hang. In West of England worsted flannel—in three shades of grey, oatmeal, blue-grey and creamy white. From most good outfitters. In case of difficulty write to Simpson, 202, Piccadilly, W.1.

21/-

HAY FEVER

Answered by

KLEENEX

SOFT DISPOSABLE TISSUES

Kleenex soft, silky, disposable tissues are one of the greatest comforts ever introduced for unfortunate sufferers from Hay Fever.

One of the many miseries of the complaint is the way the nose gets sore and inflamed with the continual use of damp handkerchiefs. A soft, dry Kleenex every time is a wonderfully soothing substitute. Dry, because Kleenex is so cheap you can destroy it each time after use.

And Kleenex means an end of that continual bother of looking for yet another handkerchief—and the even more unpleasant bother of washing all the handkerchiefs used.

Get Kleenex relief today—any chemist sells them. There's never been anything so soft, yet strong for practical use.

KLEENEX

DISPOSABLE TISSUES

They're such a comfort!

In boxes, 6d., 1/-, 2/3d., at all chemists and stores.

NEW HEARTS FOR OLD!

New Courage
To Fight Life

Here is a Specialist's Tonic which makes a real man or woman of you; frazzled nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again; it is the Doctor's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for **"Blue Lion Fox Nuts,"** Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: **1/9 (50), 2/6 (72), 4/6 (144).**

From your nearest chemist, including Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, or Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd. (Dept. PS83), 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C. 4. (Advt.)

The Passing Show's £2,000 FREE FAMILY INSURANCE GIFT

37 GENEROUS BENEFITS — *Complete the forms below*

PASSING SHOW

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve PASSING SHOW for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 27/6/36

CUT HERE

Post *this Form to*

"Passing Show" Insurance Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of PASSING SHOW. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address..... .....
of Newsagent

.....

..... Date.....

Use halfpenny stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if halfpenny stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. P.S., 27/6/36

This Trial Tube of

FREE

Coro-Shave is quite different from any shaving cream you have known before. No brush, no hot water—yet a cleaner, closer shave than you ever had by the old method. And there's no smarting or soreness after using Coro-Shave.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY

To Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 135), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1. Please send me seven-day sample of Coro-Shave. I enclose 1½d. in stamps for postage and packing. *Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1½d. stamp.*

Name _____

Address _____

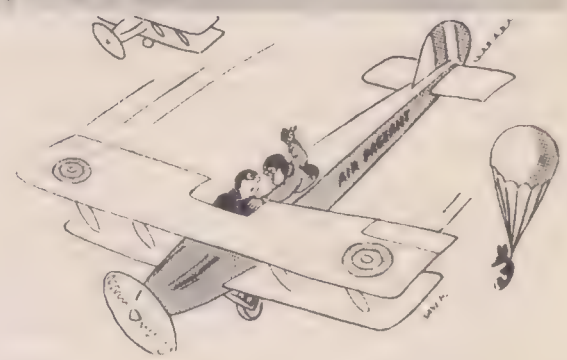
_____

COS 1-508 *This offer does not apply in I.F.S.*

C.C.519E

AS PILOTS SAY AT HENDON:

'BETTER BUY
CAPSTAN
they're blended better



THEY'RE WILLS'S 10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
PLAIN OR CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

You can be SLIM

Actual Results Have PROVED Redex to be an amazing Flesh-Reducing Discovery.

Redex is *externally* applied to any part of the body—absolutely harmless—renders dieting unnecessary—has the approval of doctors—acts swiftly—only reduces *excess* flesh—and is easy to use. It is THE flesh-reducing discovery of the age. If you wish to be slimmer, anywhere, just rub Redex gently into the skin. The results are almost miraculous! Owing to the costliness of manufacture we cannot offer samples free, but you should send for a bottle, price 21/- post free, AT ONCE, to—

REDEX PROPRIETARIES LTD.
(R60) 85/86
New Bond Street, London, W.1.

FREE!

A Bottle of World famous lotion for relieving skin troubles and making LOVELY SKIN

Almost every woman suffers from the embarrassment of occasional spots and blemishes on the skin. They are easily removed by the application of D.D.D. Brand Prescription, which is also invaluable in cases of skin disease, and for soothing insect bites. Prove it for yourself—send for a bottle, FREE. A postcard to D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. P.S., 20, Fleet Lane, London, E.C.4, will bring a generous trial bottle of D.D.D. Brand Prescription by return.

SEND FOR IT NOW

TRUE LIFE STORIES

Ten guineas for *your* True Life Story if you write it yourself in printable form; two guineas if you send us only a summary. That is "Passing Show's" invitation to readers, made because we believe in the old saying that "Truth is Stranger than Fiction."

You are My

WHEN the explosion of a munition ship shook Halifax in 1917, I was nine years old and Barney was only eight. We were chums, and had been since kindergarten days. We went to the same school; played hockey for the same team; stole apples from the same orchard.

Soon after graduating from school he had bought a rattle-trap automobile and said he wanted to tour the United States. I wanted to come with him, but my father was against it.

After he left, I felt lost. I was not working, and while my father tried to find me a job, jobs were scarce in Nova Scotia even in those days. Occasionally I worked on a fishing boat, or I went to a lumber-camp in the interior and swung an axe for two or three months. But there were no steady jobs until my father suggested I join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police.

I went to their headquarters in Halifax and applied. A sergeant spoke to me. He asked a lot of questions, and after I told him all about myself, he said:

"And what makes you think you'll make a good policeman?"

I didn't know what to say to that. I just signed all the forms he gave me, and then went home. I never expected to be taken on.

A few months later a letter came from Ottawa. I was ordered to Regina for training, and for the next six months I did little else except clean horses, clean stables three times every day, and in the evening the O.C. would come round with white-kid gloves and brush his hand over a horses neck: if the glove was soiled I was in for extra fatigue duty.

I did not think police work very exciting in those days.

I heard from Barney occasionally. He was in New York trying to get a job on the stage. Then for a while there was a silence, and when I heard from him again he was playing the juvenile lead in a show on Broadway.

I began to read about him. There were articles in the newspapers. Stories in magazines carried his photographs; and I knew Barney was making good, while I was only a policeman, earning sixty dollars a month (£12).

Then I didn't hear from Barney any more. There were no more stories, no more photographs. He disappeared. Even his mother and father did not hear from him.

A year passed. I was transferred from Regina to a city in Alberta. I stayed there for a few months, and when the Mounted Police took over the policing of Alberta from the Alberta Provincial Police, I was sent to a detachment. My barracks stood on a lonely hill in the middle of an Indian Reservation. My nearest neighbours were the Roman Catholic Mission and the Indian Agent's House.

There was a lot of work there. Moose and carribou were shot out of season, and I tracked down the hunters. The Indians trapped furs out of season, and if I caught them I laid a charge against them.

Liquor troubled me. Indians are wards of the Government, and as such they are not allowed to drink intoxicating liquor; and anyone found giving it to them, or selling it, is liable to a fine and/or imprisonment.

One night I was turning in early when the phone rang.

I lifted the receiver and said:

"Royal Canadian Mounted Police speaking."

Inspector B——'s voice answered at the other end. He said:

"How long will it take you to reach B——?"

I did a bit of mental arithmetic. It was thirty-two miles away, and it had been raining. The roads were muddy. I said: "A little over one hour, sir."

"Very well, constable. Patrol to B—— at once, and flag the train which passes there at 11.45 to-night. There's a man on that train who's wanted. I've got a warrant for him here."

I said: "Very good, sir. What's the man's description?"

PASSING SLIPS

Half a crown will be paid to the sender of each "Slip" published. Actual cuttings must be sent. If more than one reader submits the same "Slip" prize will be awarded to first opened. Address "Slips," PASSING SHOW, 31 Bow Street, London, W.C.2.

Boys Will be Boys

"At present there is an epidemic of *meals* throughout the school."—*Leven Mail.*

Do Not Trust Him, Gentle Lady

"Assistant Housekeeper 1st class Hotel in Harrogate, able to *believe* book-keeper and receptionist."—*The Shieldsman.*

How Unkind

"It was a pity that Bell *did not shoot himself* before Hearty had a chance to take a hand in the situation."—*Northampton Chronicle.*

Better Late Than Never

"Mr. Webster, of Upton-on-Severn, left furniture of the value of £300 to Beatrice White if in his service *at her death.*"—*Daily Telegraph.*

A Thoughtful Wife.—"Testatrix left £6,000; £50 to the Royal Society for the *Prevention of Cruelty to her husband.*"—*Hastings Evening Argus.*

Rather Mixed.—"All of them were naked and wrapped up *in cold* had they not been found *in paper* and would have died *from time.*"—*Egyptian Mail.*

He Just Wanted to Know.—"A young man had to be taken to Berwick Infirmary yesterday with gunshot wounds in the stomach. His *inquiry*, it is understood, is not serious."—*Daily Mail.*

He whirled and faced me. As I came at him he reached for a gun.

Prisoner

The Inspector said: "Look up your 'wanted' files. His name is Augemont, and he's wanted for mail robbery in the United States. He was seen getting on the train here. B—— is the next stop from here, and he'll still be on the train. Pick him up and bring him in. He's armed, so take care. Report to me if you make the arrest."

I looked at the time: it was 10 p.m. I had one hour and forty minutes. I went back into the office and looked up the "wanted" files. I found Augemont and looked carefully at his photograph. It seemed familiar, somehow, but then I had looked at it so often. There was a thousand-dollar reward for his capture.

It was almost ten-thirty when I stopped in front of the railway station at B——. I woke the stationmaster and told him what I was ordered to do. He gave me a red signal flag. Then I asked him to come with me. He said he would, and went to wake his assistant. They both climbed into the back of my car, and I drove to a level-crossing a mile from B——.

We got out of the car, and I told them to watch both sides of the train while I flagged it and while I was going through it coach by coach. "If you see anyone jump, shout for me," I said.

And as I was speaking, the rails began to hum distantly. The train was coming. Soon I saw a light dart among the trees far away. It came and went, and came again; ever growing lighter and larger. The rails hummed loudly now. The train came around a bend, and the headlight lit up the tracks where we were standing.

I stood in the middle of the track and waved the red signal flag. Then I thought of my flashlight. I wrapped the red flag round it and waved it.

The train whistled. I knew the engineer had seen me. The train slowed down. I ran towards it to meet it. I passed the engineer. He was leaning out of the cab, and as I passed I shouted:

"Hold her. There's a man I want."

The conductor jumped down from one of the coaches and came running towards me. I met him, and he said: "What's the matter?"

"There's a man I want on this train," I said, and brushed past him to climb into a coach. He followed me. I went through one coach. On both sides startled faces looked at me as I passed. Now I was in another coach. As I walked, looking intently at every face, I was tugging at the gun in my holster, making sure it was free.

I passed into a smoker. Only four or five passengers sat, their heads nodding. As I walked in I saw a man leap for the window. He lifted the sash, and started to climb. I shouted "Halt, or I'll fire!"

He whirled and faced me. His lips were drawn back. I came at him. He reached into his pocket for a gun. He fired, and I heard the bullet strike into the steel side of the coach. He was firing again, aiming, and I ducked down.

When I looked up from behind the back of a seat he was climbing out. His head was out. His right shoulder was almost out.

I pulled my gun, aimed, and fired. My gun kicked up from the recoil. He was still climbing, but now slowly, as if his muscles refused to obey. His shoulder was jerking queerly.

I moved cautiously, my gun in my hand. Suddenly he stopped struggling to climb out. He slumped, and slid to the floor between the seats.

I was afraid of a trick, and I came very slowly. When I stood over him he groaned, and tried to turn. A gaping hole showed in his shoulder. Blood spurted.

The conductor was leaning against my shoulder. I looked at him. His face was white, as white as mine must have been. He was saying: "You've killed him. He's dead, dead, I tell you."

I dropped on my knees: turned the man over on his back. He opened his eyes. His lips formed. He tried to say something. But no words came . . . only a smile. And then I knew who he was; knew why his face was so familiar in the "wanted" files.

It was Barney.

He smiled a little, and I choked as I said: "Barney . . . I'm sorry, but you're my prisoner."

He didn't die; he's serving a term for attempted murder.

That's Easy!

"YOU can't climb that tree!" A challenge from his best friend. Seven-year-old John did not hesitate but with a boastful "That's easy" proceeded to climb it. His hands gripped an overhanging branch while his sturdy little legs nursed the side of the bark.

"You won't do it," yelled John's friend, as John slipped a little.

John did not succeed. Suddenly he slipped again, lost his hold and fell, breaking his legs.

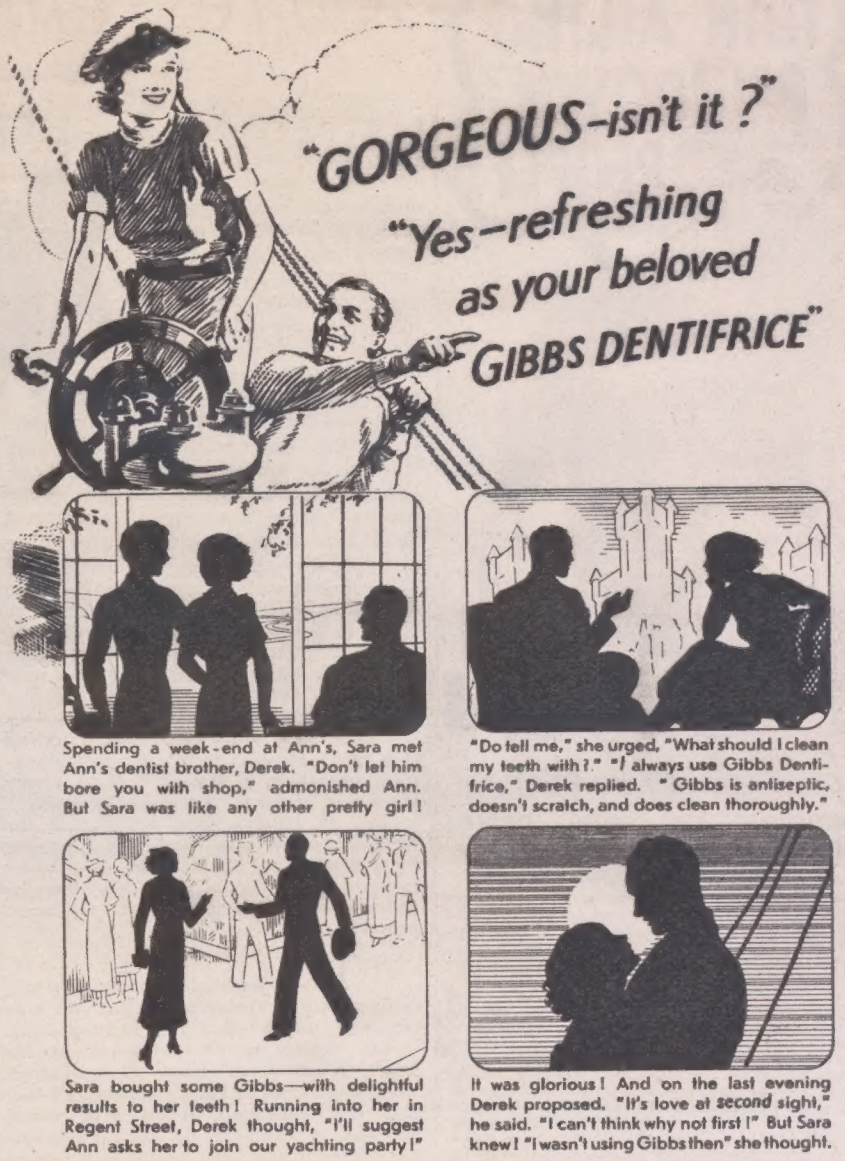
Numerous are the accidents to children caused by climbing trees, fences, railings and the like. Such mishaps not only mean weeks of anxiety for parents, but an additional call upon the home exchequer to meet doctors' bills.

Under its Great Free Family Insurance Gift "The Passing Show" makes provision for children's accidents.

No fewer than 37 Benefits are incorporated in this Family Security Gift including benefits for mother and father should they meet with an accident in the home and garden, on the sports field, while boating and bathing, in the street, or while travelling by rail, road, sea or air. Special additional protection is provided for widowed mothers.

Turn to the registration forms on page 31 and fill them up at once. One registration covers husband and wife and children (over six and under fifteen) and all accident benefits are paid in addition to any amounts a registered reader may receive from any other sources.

Readers are reminded that "The Passing Show" Free Family Insurance remains in force while they are holiday-making in Great Britain the Irish Free State, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man. The only condition is that in the event of a claim arising it will be necessary to show that they bought "The Passing Show" while away, and that before leaving, they instructed their newsagent to recommence delivery immediately on their return.



Spending a week-end at Ann's, Sara met Ann's dentist brother, Derek. "Don't let him bore you with shop," admonished Ann. But Sara was like any other pretty girl!

"Do tell me," she urged, "What should I clean my teeth with?" "I always use Gibbs Dentifrice," Derek replied. "Gibbs is antiseptic, doesn't scratch, and does clean thoroughly."

Sara bought some Gibbs—with delightful results to her teeth! Running into her in Regent Street, Derek thought, "I'll suggest Ann asks her to join our yachting party!"

It was glorious! And on the last evening Derek proposed. "It's love at second sight," he said. "I can't think why not first!" But Sara knew! "I wasn't using Gibbs then" she thought.

The antiseptic foam from Gibbs Dentifrice reaches every crevice of teeth and mouth. Gibbs cleanses thoroughly; polishes safely, revealing the beauty of unblemished enamel, and keeps gums firm and mouth toned up and refreshed. Dentists themselves use and recommend Gibbs — they know its formula and pronounce it ideal. Change to Gibbs today.

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—*defend them with*

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

NOW IN TWO FORMS
SOLID CAKES
In Tins 7½d. 1/-, 1/6
Refills 11d.
TOOTH PASTE
In Tubes 6d. & 1/-

GD119A

GLORIOUS HOLIDAYS IN BEAUTIFUL SWITZERLAND

KLOSTERS *pearl of the Grisons! Stay at the* HOTEL SILVRETTA

Ultra modern comfort in an old-world village with snow-capped mountains as a background. Special terms to PASSING SHOW readers include room, three meals daily, daily bath, service, and transport of luggage from and to station for £7 12s. per week. DANCING—CONCERTS—PICNICS—TOURS. ELECTRICALLY-HEATED OPEN-AIR BATHING LAKE. Send coupon below for booklet.

SCHULS-TARASP

Engadine 4,100 ft.

Alpine health Resort and Spa.

The leading houses: Hotel Belvédère and Post Hotel Engadinerhof. Terms from 11.50 francs.

COUPON

Detach and send this coupon to the hotel you want information from. Post it as printed matter with ½d. stamp.

PLEASE SEND PROSPECTUS WITH TARIFF OR SPECIAL ARRANGEMENTS

Name.....

Address.....

MINERALS AND FOOD IODINE
Strengthen Blood and Glands
—adds lbs. Quickly

Thousands of thin, weak, worn-out, run-down men and women, who are nervous and prematurely ageing, hardly realise that their principal trouble is very frequently MINERAL and FOOD IODINE STARVED GLANDS. When these glands, particularly the Thyroid and other tiny hidden glands which actually control health and weight, lack minerals and natural food iodine (do not confuse this with ordinary chemical iodides which often prove toxic or mere iodine fumes), even diets rich in fat and starches fail to produce health, strength, and energy. That's why thin, worn-out, tired men and women often have huge appetites and yet the food they eat does them little good. Only when the system gets an adequate supply of these 12 essential body MINERALS plus FOOD IODINE can you regulate metabolism—the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new health, strength and energy.

With "Vikelp" Tablets, a mineral concentrate made from a huge 90 ft. Pacific Ocean plant, considered the world's richest source of the 12 minerals such as Iron, Calcium, Phosphorous, Magnesium, etc. demanded by the body, plus FOOD IODINE, you may be sure of your needed ration of these precious substances, so sadly lacking in the everyday cooked foods we eat. 1300 times richer in iodine than Oysters, once considered the richest source. "Vikelp" Tablets mixed with your food helps it to do you good. They stimulate the glands which produce the juices which enable you to get the good out of fats and starches, the weight-building foods. With proper assimilation of nourishment, you build new health, rugged strength, increased nerve force, banish fatigue and put on firm "stay-there" flesh. Not only is your body rejuvenated but faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, goitre, rheumatism, and other systematic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely, without use of drugs.

Buy "Vikelp" Tablets to-day and if after taking them for 10 days you do not feel wonderful, eat, sleep and work better—and have not gained extra pounds (8-9 pounds not uncommon) THE TRIAL IS FREE. They cost but little to use. 40 tablets 1/9, 100 3/6, 225 6/9, 675 17/6. If your dealer cannot supply you send 3/6 for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. P.A.S./6/4, Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., 10 Henrietta Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

VIKELP Brand *Body Building Tablets*

AT HUGE DISCOUNT
SPECIAL PURCHASE OF
Officers' Chronometer
STOP WATCHES

Each Only

5/9

Post and Packing 6d.

For Sport, Science or Industry. Splendid Timekeepers. Chrome Finish.

ACCURATE READINGS TO 1/5th SECOND

Solid leather adjustable wrist straps **1/3** extra. Officers' ¼-inch chrome chain adjustable straps **2/6** extra. ORDER NOW (Please state if luminous or non-luminous dial preferred).

Satisfaction guaranteed or money instantly returned.

MARINE & OVERSEAS SERVICES Ltd. (Dept. 61)
Royal Hotel Buildings, Woburn Place, London, W.C.1

You're Telling Us!

The masterpiece of the gods

FAR BE IT FROM US to belittle the joy that men find in the simple life. We that have found pleasure after our hearts rambling in sun and mist over Derbyshire and Cumbrian hills, and lived elately in the rhythm of waves slipping noisily from a dipping prow, and drained to the last drop the delight of entering some straggling village with lights streaming through the twilight gloom to take our leisure lazily as the "gentlemen in the parlour"; what low order of vertebrates should we be to scorn those who enjoy carrying responsibilities on their backs?

We do not scoff; we merely stand aside to gaze in bewildered admiration at those hardy souls who are content to spend the nights of their pleasure days *à la belle étoile*. It is all very well to say they reap the golden reward of watching the day sink into night, a night of murmurings and deepening shadows and glimmerings of a new day with bird song before sunrise; but it is a reward that is rarely graciously given to those that seek it.

And we have a fond belief that the camper must live so near to Nature that he cannot see her charm when she appears in her robe *de nuit*; he is too busy keeping the tent at the upright and the nocturnal prowlers from the bacon.

POETS BABBLE so beautifully and campers are so strong and silent, we were beginning to feel that the decision made in our nonage never to take to canvas again must have been ill-considered. Then came Charles Henry Wyatt, hot-foot from cold-feet-camp, to tell us to beware the wiles of campers; he laid his head on our shoulder and between his sobs poured out a pitiful tale. "If you want wet feet during the day, cold feet during the night, half-cold and greasy bacon for breakfast, no supper at nightfall because there is no milk and the village is too far away for you to buy any more—go camping," he said.

"If you want to spend about three hours rigging up one of those durned so-called 'collapsible-camp-beds' and, when you have finally 'turned-in,' exhausted and fed up, find the bed is living up to its collapsible title and you are back on the earth amid the wreckage—go camping.

"It doesn't matter how technically you erect the tent; either a cow will sit on it or you will forget the pole has a joint in it. If the rain doesn't find its way through every crevice then the wind will get underneath and lift the whole caboozle. As for falling over guy-ropes—well, no good camper does it until his hands are full of patiently cooked delicacies.

"When you eventually cook the food, using words that are certainly not in Mrs. Beeton's recipes, you will unfold the little table, which will wait diabolically until everything is placed on it before gracefully folding up again, depositing your greasy bacon on the wet grass.

"If you must go camping, choose your site, erect your tent, prepare your 'ready-in-a-second-camp-bed' and sleep in the car; give your cooking pots to a villager and, to quote O. Henry, 'negotiate a stand-off with a down-town delicatessen.' Then you'll probably enjoy living in a field."

EVEN SO, WE FEEL that Charles Henry has failed to put his finger on the itching spot that makes camp life a menace to our immortal souls. There are times when we don't mind heat, cold, hunger, thirst, hard beds, and aching muscles, but Lord deliver us from insects.

How can you enjoy the lyrical portent of watching the blurred shadow of the moon sliding to the ridge-line of the tent, or thrill to the ethereal note of a night bird when you feel as though you have been sprinkled with red pepper?

It is not until you are locked in a tent with a mosquito and his harem that you realise that man occupies this world only by grace of insects; it is not until a nation of ants, probably ruled by a blackshirt dictator, decides to take civilisation into your sleeping bag that you know what scientists mean when they say that man's only rival to the governorship of the world is an army of several million species of insects and microscopic organisms.

And let it now be known that if ever this mastery of the world was put to the test we would cheerfully jump into the local duck pond, content in the knowledge that even though we might have to put up with archbishops, poets, golfers, fishermen, and other shambling, shuffling, and drivelling fellows in the Misty Beyond, there would at least be no place for gnats in the marble halls.

WE MUST NOT be taken to task if we turn from campers to gorillas; not only is there the essential similarity but also there is the camper's ambition to emulate the monkey in his kinship to Nature. The fact that so many people, after peering into the eyes of the rheumy old orang-outang at the local zoo, refuse to acknowledge the anthropoid apes as our cousins is causing distress to George Wilkinson, who, after many years among the denizens of wild and woolly Bootle, has probably made many friends among the waterfront monkeys.

With sarcasm worthy of a pile-driver, he refers to the fallacies, superstitions, crazes, and hysterias that rage in the world, paying particular attention to the arrested intellectual development of a friend who thinks man a creature of special design.

"The idea that he was related to an anthropoid ape was repugnant to his refined nature," adds our monkey-man. "I even saw him give a delicate shudder at the thought of such a thing. The mere similarity between man and ape was not sufficient evidence, according to him, of man's simian descent. He refused to admit the evidence of accumulated likenesses; he snickered politely at the suggestion that such things as anatomy, anthropology, embryology, and paleontology all added weight to my argument."

We agree with G. W. that it is odd to find people still living happily in the belief that the human race is the masterpiece of the gods; surely the mere fact that men hold on to such metaphysical banshees so tenaciously shows there is nothing divine in their composition.

ACTUALLY, MAN BEING what he is when it comes to anthropocentric vanities, it seems doubtful whether we will ever reach a time when it will be generally acknowledged that the existence of the universe does not necessarily centre on the life of man. It is as difficult to persuade men that they are merely a gaseous accidental by-product of the cosmos as it is to rid Englishmen of that sneaking belief that a Frenchman off to a funeral in his dress clothes is a trifle obscene.

For instance, we have L. K. Loveridge writing to tell us how strange he finds Chinese customs.

"Just contrary to the rest of the world," he says, "they mourn in white, they mount horses on the right side, they start dinner with dessert and finish with soup, they shake hands with themselves instead of with you. . . ."

As the Chinese have been doing all these things since long before our ancestors took to agriculture, they are entitled to accuse us of the same thing, but they are too old, too wise to go snuffling in the psychological pastures jeering at us because we think it lucky to see a black cat, find a pin, and keep a horseshoe in your trouser pocket, and unlucky to spill salt, cross the knives, and walk under a ladder.

So let us pass to Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Loveridge and to many another fair correspondent who writes to tell us how funny he finds everybody else the immortal words of Spinoza:

"I have sedulously endeavoured not to laugh at human actions, not to lament them, not to detest them, but to understand them."

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A cow will sit in it

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Solution Next Week

CLUES DOWN

1. Frequently in lotion.
2. Greta, it is said, prefers to be so.
3. Spate of ribbons.
4. Where horse races begin and human races finish.
5. Literally example given (abbreviation).
6. Firm as a rock.
7. Must be male.
8. 7 may learn from this.
9. This is not in the direct line.
10. Of the sphere of cones and cubes.
11. We do this for living.
12. Of ruling stock.
14. Holes with string round them is one form.
18. Stand for tenure.
23. They render service.
25. Made certain.
26. Looped into a dog.
27. Inflammatory suggestion about this polish.
29. Resin of old.
30. Regal tosh to conceal the singers.
31. Numerically significant part of 39.
32. Not fully ripe.
33. Half juggler's feat.
35. Sufficient for the Highlander.
37. Part of an atom.
38. Put two and two together, but don't make five.
41. Associated with Fo, Fi, and Fum.

CLUES ACROSS

1. May not be pig in poke, but possibly a horse for a cow.
7. Puts his foot down presumably.
13. Something oily here.
15. Implication of pre-Noachian origin in this association (initials).
16. You may do this on the "prom."
17. Here's good breeding.
19. She was queen, but is no more.
20. Less than mite.
21. These may be to skylarks.
22. Core of 24.
24. Concluded with comfort.
26. Preliminary canter, so to speak.
28. The Ascot rap (anagram).
34. Turning over of engineer (abbreviation).
36. Ghastly pale or purple passion.
37. Two articles tail to tail make a coin.
38. Tar in brief.
39. Coil tint pair for two more than original.
40. O Feed, the author.
42. And so the inebriate is indicated (hidden).
43. Mixed geography here. China or Germany.
44. Ruler of hash.

W	A	S	P	A	K	I	M	B	O	A	I	R		
H	U	R	N	S	T	O	E	S	I	N	E			
A	G	R	E	E	R	V	E	S	T	S	L			
T	E	M	P	E	R	A	M	E	N	T	A	L	L	Y
F	R	O	O	D	M	A	D	O	R	E				
A	M	U	S	E	S	T	C	U	T	A	T			
L	I	N	I	D	I	F	I	C	A	T	I	O	N	S
B	U	T	T	M	A	N	O	R	N	Y	E			
I	N	S	I	P	I	D	P	E	N	G	E	T		
N	O	I	L	E	R	S	I	A	S					
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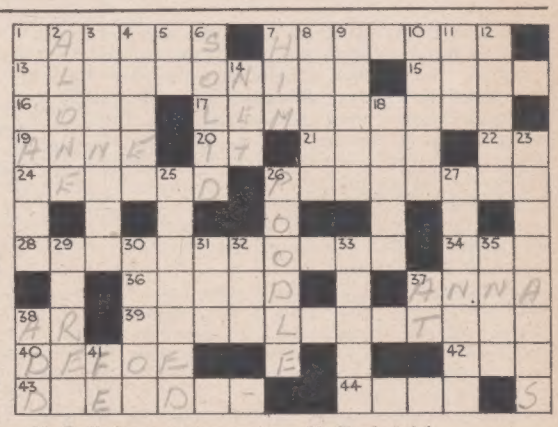
Solution to last week's puzzle



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